THE COMMONWEAL

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ON THE FREEDOM OF THE TEACHER

WE MAKE no apology for returning to the subject of the teaching of evolution or transformism, which we dealt with recently in a leading article, since the forthcoming trial in the state of Tennessee opens up questions of the very first importance in connection with education in general. We shall quote the offending statements read by Professor Scopes to his class, with annotations of our own—

"We have now learned that animal forms may be arranged so as to begin with very simple one-celled forms, and culminate with a group which contains man himself."

That is a mere statement of fact to which no exception can be taken.

"This arrangement is called the evolutionary series."

This is a very slip-shod statement, of the kind which one finds too often in text books. The arrangement exists; it is contended that it is the product of evolution, and, if that theory be true, then it might fairly be said that these animals were thus arranged in the order in which evolution took place. But no one could guess that from the printed statement.

"Evolution means change, and these groups are believed by scientists to represent stages in complexity of development of life on the earth."

Doubtless evolution means change, but in the theory in question it means a great deal more than that. The remainder of the quotation is a mere statement of fact, though it would have been made still more accurate if it had been phrased—"by the great majority of scientists." The careful teacher, in explaining the passage, would point out why some scientists dissent, and why the majority approve.

"Geology teaches that millions of years ago, life upon the earth was very simple, and that gradually more and more complex forms of life appeared, as the rocks formed latest in time show the most highly developed forms of animal life. The great English scientist, Charles Darwin, from this and other evidence, explained the theory of evolution."

Beyond remarking that "explained" is not a very well-chosen word, there is nothing in this which is not sufficiently justified in the present state of knowledge, and the passage concerning Darwin is mere history.

"This is the belief that simple forms of life on the earth slowly and gradually give rise to those more complex, and that thus ultimately, the most complex forms came into existence."

That again is a plain and accurate historical statement of what Darwinism teaches, and as such is above criticism.

"Undoubtedly there once lived upon the earth, races of men who were much lower in their mental organiza-

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tion than the present inhabitants. If we follow the early history of man upon the earth, we find that at first he must have been little better than one of the lower animals."

Here at last we arrive at an outrageously ignorant and inaccurate statement—much lower in their general culture these early men were than races which have succeeded them, but lower "in mental organization" is wholly inaccurate. We can only judge by cranial capacity, and by the relics which they have left; but, for the first, the Mousterians who are the oldest race of men of whom we know anything, had more capacious skulls than—say, the average Frenchman of today; and as for the second, we know that they had the capable hands of the skilled workman, from the tools of stone which they made, and that they believed in a future life, as proved by their interments.

To speak of such beings as "little better than one of the lower animals," is to falsify facts, and no teacher should have read such a passage to his class unless for the purpose of refuting it.

Such then is the position—now let us consider its bearing on education. What it means to teachers is very clearly put by Mr. Bryan, who knows quite well what he wants, and intends, if he can, to get it.

"The hand which writes the pay-checks should rule the schools. . . . The teachers are the employees of the taxpayers, and should no more be allowed to teach what they personally wish, than a clerk should be allowed to dictate the policy of a bank."

Here we have to remark that if that is really the position, it is a little difficult to understand why teachers should be hired at all, and why a phonograph with approved records might not be employed at much less cost and with equal advantage. A phonograph cannot answer questions it is true, but then how can the teacher when he is confronted with an enquiry when he is in doubt as to the taxpayers' mind on that question? Further, there is this to be said—the aggregate vote of the taxpayers represents the opinions of a large number, surely a majority, who have no real means of forming a judgment in these matters—hence if they vote for candidates for these considerations at all, which is unlikely, they must do so on the advice of others, perhaps as ill-informed as themselves, but of that breed which does not think a knowledge of the facts at all a condition precedent for coming to an opinion on any matter. There are many, and often the most loud-voiced, who belong to that class.

Of course a policy such as that recommended by Mr. Bryan limits the choice of teachers. It cannot be possible to secure teachers at once honest and instructed, who are prepared to teach the rising generation, as in Zion City, that "the earth is flat like a pie." It cannot be done, and if anyone wants the kind of teacher who will teach that sort of thing, he must put up with what he can get. In a university, at any rate, the idea is that you obtain the best man in the market in a given subject and, having done so, sit at his feet to hear what he has to tell you. "Yes," says Mr. Bryan, "but not until your prophet is muzzled is he fit to be listened to." If the collective wisdom of the state as exhibited by popular vote concludes that there is a real man in the moon, then the professor of astronomy in the university of Laputa must teach that there is a man in the moon, because "the hand which writes the pay-checks rules the schools."

There is another side to this question, and in fairness it must be stated. In one of our Catholic colleges we should not permit teaching which went to show that Christ was a mere man, and never founded a Church. Nor could, nor should, any public institution permit its professor of Greek to urge his pupils to adopt the ancient Greek moral standards in sexual matters—even of the great age of Greece. Mr. Bryan's contention, as we understand him, is that any kind of teaching of evolution is equally noxious and harmful. There is exactly where we differ from him.

The teacher in a Catholic college is bound to explain to his pupils that there are, unfortunately, men who hold the views about Our Lord above expressed—and he should tell them how and why these men are wrong, and how they can be refuted. In no way is he justified in letting his students go out into the world ignorant of the fact that others do not believe as they believe, and unfortified with reasons for the faith which is within them. The Greek professor knows very well that at least his advanced students must gather from their reading the depraved state of morals in Greece—especially in the time of Pericles.

It is for him to point out to his class that, while in many ways the Greeks were objects of admiration, there were others in which they were in a lower depth of degradation than the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, or many other savage tribes with far higher ideas of modesty and sexual conduct. And he might fairly go on to show the great change brought into the world with regard to these matters by Christianity.

If the teacher is careful to make it plain—and he can call in even Huxley to aid him—that evolution is in no way antagonistic to a creative fiat—in fact that it is impossible to conceive how such a scheme could have come about without such a fiat; if again he is careful, as he should be, to point out the many and great difficulties which have to be overcome before—if ever—evolution becomes an established fact; if, finally, he shows how impossible it is to conceive of the evolution of man's higher part from animal predecessors, then and under those conditions evolution, so we think, not only may, but should be discussed in high schools and universities. Tennessee is not an isolated enclosure, and the Tennessee graduates must in time emerge from their cotton-wool. When they do, what are they to think of the education, enforced by their state, which has prevented them from ever hearing of one of the most discussed questions of the day?

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WEEK BY WEEK

FOR two innately preposterous, yet annoying possibilities in future agitation against private schools, it is significant to note the interviews that the Portland Oregonian published on June 2, the day after the Supreme Court decision was handed down declaring an inherent right of parents to send their children to private schools. Governor Pierce of Oregon at once said—"Whatever is done will have to be in the nature of an amendment to the federal Constitution." W. S Moore, the assistant attorney-general of Oregon who appeared in the case, said—"It might be that the state would have power so to regulate all schools, with the result that private and parochial schools would be affected similarly to the effect under the present law." P. S. Malcolm, sovereign grand inspector-general in Oregon for the Scottish Rite Masons, who worked for the law, contented himself with saying—"I don't know whether it will be possible to carry out the original purpose, or whether the decision settles the matter finally. I must wait until I can read the decision in full." These are portents, quite possibly negligible, but throwing light on the possibilities of the future that The Commonweal reviewed at the time of the decision. The Portland Oregonian said editorially on the same day that it printed the interviews —"It will be well if it be given no further consideration as a possible issue."

THE decision rendered by the Supreme Court against Benjamin Gitlow, found guilty under the New York anarchy statute of having used seditious language, is an interesting example of how nicely the scales of justice are officially balanced. Gitlow, whose Revolutionary Age summoned the proletariat to direct revolution against the constitutional government of the United States, has already spent thirty-four months in jail struggling to obtain what he thinks justice from the very power he professed desiring to blow up. The average citizen will probably sum up his reflections on the decision in something like the following manner—if Mr. Gitlow is entitled to take direct action against the United States, then the United States is entitled to take direct action against Mr. Gitlow. The majority report of the Supreme Court is obviously in accord with the average citizen. But unfortunately when the two adversaries are thus set face to face, the manifest lack of proportion raises a question. Gitlow was talking to a "proletariat"—something which fortunately does not as yet exist in these parts; he was summoning the three round dozen of his brother intellectuals to start a bonfire that could be snuffed out in three minutes by a squad of infantrymen. In other words, so far as actualities are concerned, Gitlow was rather more mad than a hatter. This aspect of the case was so impressive to Justice Holmes that he wrote a comparatively energetic minority report, which challenged the literary skill of Mr. Gitlow in the following words —"Whatever may be thought of the redundant discourse before us, it has no chance of starting a present conflagration."

THE unattractive thing about decisions like this, is the fact that they codify the omnipresent conservative resentment against language of change and reform. They tend to create suppression of angry emotions, and to drive under cover whatever is seethingly revolutionary or disturbing. An absurd manifesto, solemnly debated by all the courts in sequence, loses much of its absurdity. It is also entertaining to reflect that Mr. G. B. Shaw, whose Major Barbara advocates the principles of Mr. Gitlow under cover of slightly more appealing literature, could be brought to jail were he subject to the New York anarchy statute. At this very moment Mr. Shaw has donated his services to the Independent Labor party's movement to annex the drama for purposes of propaganda. The Strand Theatre, we are told, will soon witness the histrionic prowess of Labor's doughty actors and actresses.

IT is impossible for a Catholic to be a man of science —so runs the ordinary allegation, and when it is pointed out that so-and-so, after all, seems to have met both requirements, the reply, if it is impossible to deny his scientific attainments (the first line of attack) is to deny that he was really a Catholic. One well remembers how this last accusation was made in connection with Pasteur, and how triumphantly it was confuted. And now it is face to face with us over poor Mendel. Now there can be no doubt as to Mendel's scientific eminence, nor that he has put a very large

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part of the depositum of Darwinism—some would say all of it—onto the scrap-heap—nor can there be any doubt that he was a Catholic, and even a priest. But now appears a sapient German, named Iltis, who proclaims that Mendel was virtually a free-thinker, and only officially a Catholic, and bases this wicked and foolish accusation on the statement made by a superior, during Mendel's early days, that he led a modest religious life, combined with much skill for the sciences, but had little aptitude for the care of souls. In other words, that while an admirable monk, he was not cut out for a parish priest. That the first part of the estimate was a correct view, is shown by the fact that his brethren eventually elected him to be the head of the house—a thing which, however much it may surprise Dr. Iltis to know it, is very unlikely to take place in the case of one who is a free-thinker and only nominally a Catholic.

PROFESSOR BATESON, commenting on the statement of Dr. Iltis in the columns of Nature, disagrees with it, and thinks that "Mendel's position was that of numberless honest men in all ages, the world over, who can take things as they find them." We can thank the last writer for defending Mendel from what, as he says, is "tantamount to a charge of active insincerity," but we may suggest to him and even to the egregious Iltis that there is abundant evidence to show that a man may do a great deal more than merely "take things as he finds them" in connection with the Catholic faith, and at the same time shine as a luminary in the scientific firmament. If Dr. Iltis would abstract his attention for a few weeks from concocting ignorant nonsense of this kind, and devote the time thus gained to a study of the history of the various sciences and those who have promoted them, he would be saved from the future possibility of exhibiting himself to the world as an ill-informed person.

OUR contemporary, Science, has recently published in full the various dealings of legislative bodies with the evolution question, of which it may be well to give a brief summary. Of course the most important at the moment is that of the state of Tennessee, where it has been enacted—"that it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normal, or other public schools of the state, which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the state, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." The penalty is a fine of not less than $100 and not more than $500. On this it may be remarked that the legislature takes it upon itself to utter an infallible judgment as to the meaning of the words "de limo terrae," translated in the Catholic version of the Bible as "the slime of the earth," and in the Protestant as "the dust"—a thing which the Catholic Church has never done—and to declare that "the divine creation of man" could only have come about on Miltonic lines—again a point which the Church has refrained from pronouncing judgment upon.

THE Florida resolution, concurred in by both houses and passed in accordance with the provision in the constitution of the state that no public moneys are to be given to sectarian institutions, declares that it is improper that any teacher in a public institution should "teach or permit to be taught atheism or agnosticism, or to teach as true, Darwinism or any other hypothesis that links man in blood relationship to any other form of life." This is a more comprehensive measure than that introduced, but not put through, in the South Carolina senate. That forbade the "teaching or permitting to be taught, as a creed to be followed, the cult known as 'Darwinism.'" It would be interesting to know exactly what the proposers meant by "Darwinism," for Senator Miller, who introduced the measure, specifically stated that while it applied to that body of views-undefined—it did not apply "to such theories of evolution as are advocated by Lamarck, Bergson, Osborne and others." One wonders what sort of idea was in the mind of the Florida legislator as to these systems, and exactly how he differentiates Osborneism from Darwinism, and why he favors the neo-Lamarckians.

IN North Carolina a measure containing very similar provisions to that of Florida was defeated in the house of representatives by a vote of 64 to 47. But subsequently at the request of the governor, the high school text book committee struck books out of the list to be used in the schools because of their containing matter relating to evolution. In Kentucky, a measure inflicting heavy penalties for the teaching of evolution was thrown out by a vote of 42 to 41—a sufficiently narrow majority. To complete the survey, we may remind our readers of the action of the California state board of education in setting up an expert committee to report on text books used in the schools as recorded in these columns in a recent issue.

DEATH has taken a great Irishman, in the person of Lord MacDonnell of Swinford, better known by far as Sir Anthony MacDonnell. Born in a modest position in Connacht, he was one of the numerous clever men turned out in the last century by Queen's College, Galway. After graduating from that institution, he entered the Indian Civil Service in 1865, being then twenty-one years of age. In his chosen profession he attained the highest position, for, after filling various important posts, he became Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and Chief Commissioner of Oude, presiding over an area of immense extent, and retiring from the post with a great reputa-

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tion. He had always been a fervent lover of his country and, as far as a civil servant could be, a strong supporter of Parnell and the Irish party. When he returned to England, Arthur Balfour was Prime Minister, and George Wyndham, then the spoilt darling of fortune, Chief-Secretary for Ireland—and these two conceived the mad scheme of making Sir Anthony MacDonnell, Permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland.

IT must be understood that the position in question, though important, is purely subordinate to the Chief-Secretary, and that its occupant has no kind of initiative power. To take a man who had been viceroy over thousands of square miles, and put him in a position of that kind and under the orders of a man so much his junior in years and experience, even though one with the tact and judgment of Wyndham, was to court disaster, and disaster came. MacDonnell accepted the post only on the understanding—impossible to carry out—that he was to run in double harness with his chief—and acting under that idea he started the Devolution project. Wyndham was more than anxious to settle the Irish question, and given a reasonably free hand—as he would have been given by Balfour—could have done so. But both were tied down by the bitter Ulster gang with Carson at their head, who were at once in full cry after their nominal leaders when the Devolution propositions leaked out. To save his government, Balfour threw Wyndham to the wolves—a thing for which many have never forgiven him. MacDonnell remained for a time in his distasteful position but finally subsided into private life as a peer—and only emerged from that to act as a member of the Irish Convention—another effort to settle matters ruined by the same gang of intransigeants. Lord MacDonnell was a man of fiery temper and at times of acid tongue—but in private life a charming companion, and at all times a fervent Catholic, an ardent Irishman, and the soul of honor.

A WORK of Catholic scholarship which promises to become vaster and more remarkable than anything hitherto undertaken in the same field, has well begun now that the sixth volume of the Spicilegium Lovaniense is off the press. The long Latin name is somewhat awe-inspiring, but what it stands for is even more likely to leave the modest author of a book or two and his reader in a reverent mood. It means that the University of Louvain, acting in collaboration with its associate schools of theology, proposes to issue "studies and documents which will provide a history of Christian doctrine from the end of the apostolic age to the closing of the Council of Trent." A program more immense and difficult was never devised by a group of savants. The six volumes published indicate how much more than critical editing is demanded of the writers concerned. Belgium and its university are to be congratulated both for courage and for industry. It will be remembered that it was also Belgium which successfully carried through the immense research of the Bollandists, and so gave the world its first authoritative study of the saints. Neither financial difficulty nor the generally harassed condition of scholarship has prevented the editors of the Spicilegium Lovaniense from going about their great task in a manner that reflects credit upon the Catholic mind everywhere. Though most of us may not read the series or even part of it, we will all necessarily be benefited by the clear light on puzzling problems which will filter through to the public.

THE centre of attraction in this year's Exposition of Christian Art, in Paris, is the work of George Desvallieres. Critics are especially lavish of praise for a series of three paintings on the general theme of "le sacrifice de la guerre," designed to adorn a memorial chapel erected by a wealthy individual. Desvallieres, who is more or less a disciple of Moreau, belongs to the modern school and saw the great struggle at first-hand, so that his art is rich in masterly newness of a kind that may help to re-introduce life and realism into the far too insipid field of religious painting. One of the most significant details of his present work is a conception, bold but still profoundly reverent, of the Sacred Heart. To express the infinite love of the Savior, itself expressed in pain and supreme sacrifice, is one of the most difficult problems a painter can set for himself. Desvallieres's solution may not satisfy all—neither did the earlier representation of his friend Maurice Denis—but it seems to come immeasurably closer to the Divine sublimity of its subject than the usual crude and naïve pictures. It is a pity we have no way of gaining a more intimate knowledge of what is being done for sacred art abroad. The time is ripe for some rich amateur to bring a few masterpieces to America—or better still to secure the painters themselves for us temporarily. Americans generally would applaud such patronage, and the benefits that might follow are incalculable.

IT is an ungrateful task to seem to criticize so honest and fearless an executive as Governor Smith when he is making one of his great battles for the benefit of the majority of the people. Nevertheless, one cannot but feel that, in his speech, broadcast by radio recently and accusing a group of "millionaires" on Long Island of holding up his scheme for a big people's park at East Islip, with a parkway along the shore and through Wheatley Hills, he has perhaps overstated the case against the residents of that "exclusive" section. Into the merits and politics of the controversy it is not necessary to enter here. The fact that the scheme has excited bitter opposition at Albany suggests that they are debatable. What is more important to notice is that a larger issue is in-

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volved, and one which is daily growing more acute—not alone in New York or even America—but in every country region, here, in Canada, and in Europe, that lies within reach of the modern overgrown and congested city.

BOLDLY stated, the problem is whether the control of such districts is to remain in the hands of those who have elected to build and invest their capital therein, or to be exercised in the interests of those who travel through them. The tendency to regard the entire community as one in motion, and every place first and foremost as a road to somewhere else, has attained a giant growth with the development of automobile traffic, and it is not too much to say that in many towns which lie along the great routes, or which may suddenly find themselves "routed," it is the cause of dismay and heart-burning. In certain sections of Connecticut within an hour's journey of New York, great shade trees that have stood for generations are being roughly shouldered aside to permit of a road widened to carry motor traffic two and four abreast. Garden hedges are condemned in the name of "safety" because they impinge upon an uninterrupted view of some curve in the road. It is true that, in most cases, a measure of local control exists. But it is over-awed by a dictatorial attitude on the part of the state highway authority, and out-voted by an element which exists in every town and cannot see beyond a prospect of increased profits in all the traffic the road can bear.

THE question of the element that a great playground on Long Island would be likely to attract, is a more delicate matter. Unexpressed, but very deeply felt, we can be sure it lies at the root of a good deal of the opposition by Islip residents to Governor Smith's scheme. It is enough to say that it is slightly "different" from anything the suburban home-builder would choose to have under the eyes of wife and children during week-ends—as anyone who doubts may convince himself or herself by a visit to Coney Island or Far Rockaway on any hot Sunday. By an interesting coincidence, the same issue of the New York Times which features the Governor's speech, contains a report on the condition of Central Park, issued by the Fifth Avenue Association. "Lawns are littered and trampled, trees and shrubs are broken; benches and shelters are carved and defiled; the most thoughtless forms of destructiveness are practised. Depravity is ever a danger—" In the face of such a report, the opposition of the Islip colonists strikes one as no more than a particularly enlightened form of self-interest. It is a pity they are such rich men. But where the issue is one of conduct, even that "fera natura," the "millionaire," may find himself aligned on the right side.

COMMENCEMENT ORATORY

EVEN the most secluded of us realize that the graduates of 1925 are listening to a considerable amount of oratory. The supposedly lost art is being supplied to them on immense undulations of syllabic canvas which neither the heat, the solemnity of the occasion, nor the native restlessness of youth can diminish by one inch. But in this respect they differ not at all from their predecessors, some of whom can even recall what the great address was about. The really distinguishing thing about the class of '25 is the fact that—as William Allen White has pointed out—they confront a changing world. The erratic somersaulting of our universe is, in truth, so important a matter that two eminent commencement orators have brought it to the attention of the general public.

President Coolidge, addressing the midshipmen at Annapolis, rose to the occasion but also added a few effective postscripts to his Arlington message. "The real profession of every American is citizenship," he declared. "Under our institutions each individual is born to sovereignty. He cannot hold himself above his fellowmen." This stress upon equality was emphasized by a discourse upon a navy which must have struck the future commanders as a fairly good talk on universal peace. "I do not believe the American navy can succeed if it represents mere naked force," Mr. Coolidge averred. "I want to see it represent much more than that. We must place it on a much higher plane. We must make it the instrument of righteousness."

The body politic is quite likely to be edified by these remarks, following as closely as they do upon the preparedness talks by many doughty admirals—talks which Mr. Coolidge evidently read with slight pleasure. But neither can the body politic avoid seeing that the President has come over with a bound to Democratic philosophy, and is now the most prominent Jeffersonian in our midst. It would be interesting to trace the relations between Monticello and Vermont, but for the present it must suffice to realize that another reason has been added for believing that we (and the 1925 graduate) confront a changing world.

But there were many, no doubt, who found refreshment in the remarks which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler addressed to the great graduating throng at Columbia University. He attacked the "persecuting instinct" which has made its appearance in these latter days; he affirmed that "courage is the only weapon left by which the true liberal can wage war;" and he said sharp things about both a majority which has its own way, and the spinelessness of variegated officials who "talk, act and vote one way, and daily drink another." This final phrase is likely to live; it stresses an aspect of the prevalent moral confusion which many can appreciate. But it is more fruitful to note that Dr. Butler was really implying the decay of the representa-

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tive principle in American life. He ventured to affirm that government is a matter of intelligent and courageous leadership, and that the worst thing an educated man can do in these times is to profess the equality of mankind. The philosophic difference between President Coolidge and Dr. Butler is therefore an interesting subject for reflection. It might even afford a fine speculative afternoon to those 1925 graduates who have retained some fondness for thinking.

TOM-TOMS IN CHINA

THE week's news has told us really very little about the disturbance in China. We know that in several of the more important industrial centres, economic and anti-foreign uprisings have been led by students, and that the bloody old town of Canton has buried a few dozen more corpses. Russia's share in promoting trouble may be considerable in so far as money is of help in organizing riots—but the fundamental idealistic impulses which seek expression are thoroughly European and of slow growth. Chinese intellectuals have taken their modernist teaching seriously; they are now facing the foreign exploiters of their country with ideas and methods taken from those foreigners themselves. Then, too, there has been so much political chaos in China recently that no one can tell either what is likely to happen, or how strongly present events are dependent upon unplaned edges of the struggle for mastery of the government.

There are some who, like Mr. Sidney High, see in the Chinese student movement an outspoken antipathy to Christianity. Mr. High finds that there is a well-organized tendency on the part of native Chinese educators to oppose mission schools because they are symbols of foreign domination, and because they are "conservative." It would even seem that young Chinese men who have been trained abroad are often repudiated by their stay-at-home brethren. Surely we must all concede to this point of view the undoubted truth that it is very ridiculous to lump into one force the Christian missionary movement in China and the imperialistic exploitation which has been the business of too many "Christian" states. Teachers who proclaim the "Peace of Christ" have obviously nothing in common with a commercial policy which arms every foreigner in China, and lands troops so that the Open Door may let in the profit-seekers, and which has incidentally made Chinese harbor-towns unparalleled sinks of debauchery. If the success of Christianity in the Orient is to depend upon the surrender of commercial imperialism in every one of its forms, then obviously we should like to hope for that surrender. But under existing conditions it would be idle to expect more than a decent effort to modify abuse. Were the Nine Power treaty finally ratified, it might help to restore confidence and improve trade relationships. Those who know China have many other remedies to recommend, and the time has come to give these more careful consideration than has been usual.

Many of us are now wondering about the possible fate of our missionaries. Will they be able to carry on? Or will social and racial bitterness increase until not only stagnation, but martyrdom also, have helped to sweep aside the progress of decades? In so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, it is possible to make a somewhat optimistic answer to these questions. The Holy See has foreseen the development of Chinese nationalistic feeling and has respected it. Measures have been taken to identify the missionaries almost wholly with the land in which their lives are to be spent, to propagate the use of the native tongue in services and instruction, and to train as many Chinese as possible for the priesthood and educational duties. Within two more decades the international independence of the Catholic Church in China will have been wholly proved. It must also be remembered that the Orient is mostly a chaotic and non-industrial world wherein the echoes of student movements are lost, and the clink of Bolshevik gold makes a patter about as discernible as the ring of a coin in an American beggar's hat somewhere on a busy street-corner.

In this connection it is well worth observing that no one will ever succeed in teaching the Orient a rationalized version of Christianity. Asking a sensible Chinaman to substitute a Bible for Confucius, smacks very much of an unexciting literary comparison. The great missionaries almost all agree in telling us that success can come only from intensified sanctity and the development of mystical religious life. One of the most encouraging signs is the increasing number of native faces in those appealing pictures of religious sisterhoods which are sent here and to Europe. The life of prayer, of sacrifice, of service—this, led by the radiance of sacramental hope, is the best guarantee of a Christian tomorrow. For China is not all a land of silk manufacture and clattering rickshaws: it is a domain of strange cults, and shuddering despair which the true missionary loves because he would save it.

Meanwhile it is quite certain that one does not have to be a "red" in order to wish that international policemen could find other employment than in putting down strikes in cotton-mills, or exposing flags in places where they are likely to get in the way of stray bullets. The Open Door ought to provide some kind of entrance from both sides.

"UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA"

THE organization which has succeeded in securing for itself parliamentary approval of the highly ambiguous name—The United Church of Canada—has just come into existence. It was to consist of the Methodists, a large body of people—the Presbyterians, also a large body—and the Congregationalists—a feeble folk, in numbers, of the Dominion; but

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though the first and last groups have joined en masse, a very large number of Presbyterians have utterly refused to come into this union and are continuing under the old name, and in many cases, in the old edifices. Those inhabitants of the Dominion who are unconnected with the sects just named, have not been able to take a purely detached interest in this matter, for, in the first place, they have—many of them—resented the name adopted by the combined body, since it would seem to indicate that there is no other church in Canada.

Of course, in this connection, it will be remembered that amongst the Methodists' doubtless large collection of admirable characteristics, a tender feeling for the susceptibilities of others is not one of the most marked.

Further, these outsiders are seldom allowed to forget the saying of Wendell Phillips—that the Puritan hell is a place where every man minds his own business; and they were gratuitously informed by Dr. Chown, the superintendent of the Methodist church, that "if the major churches of Protestantism cannot unite, the battle which is going on for the religious control of the country will be lost in the next few years." "I refer," he continued, "not to the school question only, but to the whole movement within Canada in the religio-political realm." Stripped of verbiage, this means that the political activity of Methodism, which to outsiders seems to be not the least of its objects, is to be reinforced by allied troops, which are to force on the Dominion iron bonds of prohibition, and such other mercies as Puritanism may consider good for its inhabitants.

Many of these measures have already been indicated at conventions of Methodists, and most of them are quite distasteful to at least a very considerable minority of inhabitants, whose main wish is to be let alone to live a quiet, harmless, undisturbed life. There are even Methodists who entertain these sentiments, and one minister of that denomination on leaving it to accept a pulpit in a continuing Presbyterian church, has just declared that the "Methodist church was an autocracy, and the Presbyterian, a democracy" —and that for that reason he made the change. Of course a good deal of bitterness has been engendered by this change, especially in connection with the colleges and other institutions belonging to the Presbyterian body, which the seceders wish to carry off into the Methodist stronghold to which they have retired —while the non-unionists very naturally want to retain them for the purposes of the denomination for which they were originally designed. Further, the stalwarts have been not a little put out by the efforts of the seceders to hamper their organization. It is lamentable, but it can hardly be said that, so far as the various proceedings reported in the papers would seem to indicate, the net result of the operations has been any very great gain in Christian charity.

BISHOP KETTELER

THOSE who believe that the German people are deeply rooted in the past, often labor under the impression that this past is the legendary epoch of Wodan and Thor. Undoubtedly there are Germans who treasure an affinity with the Nibelungen Lied—who were once set on fire with Wagnerian opera, and who now listen with holy awe to Professor Hans Delbrueck's theories about Walther von der Vogelweide.

In quite the same way there have been Englishmen—and even excellent Bostonians—who virtually canonized their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and voted Beowulf a capital epic. Both groups have been sufficiently scolded and taken by the ears. But as a matter of fact, the average German has possibly not been sufficiently attentive to his country's past, and is being pretty generally aroused to his duty by pamphleteers who—like pamphleteers everywhere—keep track of duty. Since the war there has been a noticeable deepening of interest in the history of South Germany—a history which had been rather heavily veiled by the formidable and growing ascendancy of Prussia.

Students of politics have striven to get at the roots of nineteenth-century economic and social movements which, arising in the South-German states, have affected the general European destiny. Their findings include something of especial interest to us, because the man concerned is often spoken of in American circles and could be taken for a model. Bishop Ketteler is the great German Catholic statesman of the nineteenth century. His attitude towards the revolutionary ideas of his time expressed itself in a vigorous plea for social justice, as well as in his work for the establishment of the Centre party. To a greater extent, perhaps, than any other German, he belongs to the great group of clerics—Montalembert, Newman, Manning and Pope Leo XIII—who understood in what direction the Europe of their day was moving, and strove to give religion its rightful place in the vanguard of affairs.

But like many, in fact almost all great men, Bishop Ketteler had a residue of mysteriously personal ideas and emotions which have not always been seen in their proper light; and recent German students (especially Vigener) have rendered a great service by enabling us to know the man and his work much more intimately than was hitherto possible. Now that it has become so essential to see Catholicism as a world-force, to realize its harmonizing mission among men, it would be wise for us to consider a little more attentively the great world-figures of the nineteenth-century Church—to familiarize ourselves with the ideas and activities of men like Bishop Ketteler, and so increase our dominion over the world in which we live by deepening our comprehension of it.

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AN INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE

By DAVID A. McCABE

THAT there is a body of Catholic teaching as to what constitutes justice in economic relationships, is well known both inside and outside the Church. Indeed this is only less widely known than the fact that Catholics are aligned on opposite sides of every important industrial issue. Is there not something here to give us pause? The explanation is simple to those who figure their respective courses from a meridian fixed by strict partisanship, but to the rest of us the situation seems to call for an examination of conscience.

Can it be that the Catholics who are members of one or other of the opposing groups are unfamiliar with the teachings of the Church on industrial rights? Doubtless this furnishes part of the explanation. This is not to say that they have never heard of the Encyclical Rerum Novarum. Yet of ten who have heard of it, but one knows its content. Many seem to have a hazy notion that it is confined to a condemnation of Socialist doctrines or that its purpose was to stave off limitations of property rights, or to bid all employers to deal with labor organizations—the particular named conception varying with the economic interests of the individual. Some few who have examined the Encyclical more at length, pass it serenely by on the other side with the comforting assurance that the principles there set forth are so vague and general in their expression as to be capable of whatever interpretation best suits the interests of the particular interpreter.

Whatever may be the respective percentages of validity attaching to the various explanations of the fact, there is the fact. There is a discrepancy of such high visibility between our claimed unity as to principles, and our disagreement as to the actual quantities, measures or methods demanded by justice, that we cannot honestly ignore it.

Nor is it easy to view it with complacency. Who of us has not heard or read a hundred times that the solution of our industrial problems but awaits the application to them of Catholic principles? Who of us wishes to deny it? And yet how many of us are prepared to say what the specific application of Catholic principles is which will give the proper answer to any particular industrial problem?

That we cannot do this off-hand should make us humble, but not discouraged. The Solomon of industrial relations needs in our day a double equipment. He must possess not only a familiarity with ethical principles, but an understanding of economic facts and forces. Small wonder that few who are really wise, would volunteer to give judgment.

What are we called upon to do in the face of this situation? We may go on complacently repeating that the solution is to be found only in the application of Catholic principles to the problems that mock us—and when asked for the application we can retire from the discussion with what dignity we can summon. We may let those learned in Catholic teaching attempt to answer, and dismiss their findings, if we disagree with them, as those of visionaries. Or we can face the fact that the application of ethical principles to the complex economic life of our time is a task that calls for study, patience, and tolerant discussion undertaken in a spirit of humility.

The assumption that this last is the helpful course accounts for the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems. The conference was established as a forum for the discussion of the meaning of Catholic social teaching in the light of present-day economic conditions and issues in the United States. It represents a frank recognition of the fact that Catholic principles with respect to this type of human relationships are not well understood, and of the further fact that there are widely different opinions among Catholics, held in good faith, as to what these principles dictate in particular sets of circumstances.

The conference devotes itself to exposition and discussion. It does not attempt to arrive at a collective conclusion. It cannot be used to commit Catholics to any particular position on any industrial issue or piece of legislation, actual or proposed. All this is assured by a clause in the constitution of the conference, which forbids the taking of a vote on any question of industrial policy.

It is assumed, of course, that the members accept the authoritative teachings of the Church on social and industrial rights. What that teaching means, what is right and fair in the light of it, is what the conferees assemble to discuss. But the discussion does not eventuate in any action assessing blame or conferring approval on any men, measures, or organizations. Nor does the conference consider the adoption of specific formulae. Discussion, not program-making, is its business.

There are no "delegates" in this conference. Any Catholic may come. Men and women affiliated with corporations, organizations, or institutions come and speak their minds—but they do so as members of the conference, not as representatives of any body or interest. They commit no one but themselves to the views they express.

Although membership in the conference is confined to Catholics, non-Catholics are welcome at its sessions. At the first meeting, held in Milwaukee in 1923, a non-Catholic, connected with the "open-shop movement" in Milwaukee, was given the privilege of the

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floor. Professor Commons of the University of Wisconsin also addressed the conference, by invitation, on the subject of unemployment-prevention and relief.

There is no thought that the conference will lead to separate organized industrial action by Catholics—either as employers or employees. The aim of the conference is to deepen, first of all among Catholics, the realization of the obligation to do justice, and a purpose to seek honestly and in a spirit of patience that which is fair in every situation that arises. It is hoped that Catholics will, as a result of these meetings, come to exert a greater influence for peace in industry in coöperation with those who share our common Christian heritage of ethical principles, and all others who accept these standards, whatever their religious connections may be.

The two meetings already held have greatly encouraged the founders of the conference. The third annual meeting is scheduled for June 24-25 in Chicago. It is hoped during the next year to form local conferences in the larger industrial centres in order to reach a wider circle of Catholics, and to promote a more intensive study and discussion of the problems brought forward in the national conferences.

Those who have attended one of the national conferences are generally convinced that a forum of this character is productive of great good. There are assembled in the name of a common faith, men and women actively engaged in our industrial life in different and often opposing capacities. With them are gathered priests, sisters, teachers—both lay and clerical—and writers on ethical and industrial questions—all keenly interested in making religious principles better understood and more widely recognized in business relationships. Each group learns much from the others. The informal contacts outside the session rooms—sometimes, it must be admitted, in the rear of the room while a meeting is in session—are of untold value in promoting understanding and the will to reach agreement.

In the formal meetings, the usual practice is to have the principles which the Church lays down for our guidance, expounded by priests who speak with authority in the field of Christian ethics. Then men and women who are in daily contact with the stubborn facts of industrial life, the play of economic forces, and the perplexing situations which must be taken into account in applying these principles, discuss the applications which they think are called for. They see to it that the reasons which lead them to adopt the policies which they feel compelled to follow, are not ignored. Much of what is said is by way of rebuttal of points taken from different angles. The discussion is, of course, often pointed and emphatic—but it has not yet become acrimonious or personal.

Those who are impatient of discussion that does not fructify in resolutions or "going on record," will dismiss the conference as futile. The timid will shrink from the disclosure of differences of opinion among Catholics as to the application of ethical standards. Those who do not wish their policies tested by the standards reiterated so forcibly by the great Leo, will resent what the conference is attempting to do. But those who believe in full and frank discussion, and are willing to recognize that we have not yet gone beyond that stage in grappling with our duty to make Catholic social teaching an effective force for peace with justice, in American industry, will welcome the opportunity afforded by the conference, and heartily endorsing its purpose and intent, will wish it God-speed.

FORCES BEHIND THE SCHOOL FIGHT

By NELSON COLLINS

I HAD never known much about elementary schooling in the United States. I had been public-school "raised," and graduated from a state university, for that matter. Three sisters of mine had been teachers in the public schools, one of them for twenty-five years. But this had all been in one locality, and my preoccupations with education, so far as I had any preoccupations with education, were centered on universities and their progressive debasement as swamping hordes swept in upon them year after year, during the past two decades. My sense of the elementary schools in the United States was a vague impression, the same state of judgment as the average citizen's.

When I found myself confronted with the task of finding out all about private schools, including parochial schools, I tried first to find out what respectable forces of opinion was inclined to be against them, and in favor of forcing, all children into the public schools. I really wasn't much interested in mere hatreds, willing to wreck the whole idea of private schools in order to hit at the Catholic Church, or the Lutheran Church, or any other. Such movements and motives defeat themselves in the end. They are boils on the neck, but nothing requiring much diagnosis. I saw promptly, though, that better opinion was inclined to be against all schooling for children excepting as provided in the public schools. I was interested to know the arguments on which such opinion had been produced. I was even more curious to know how the mood of such hostility had grown up in excellent people. For I could not move about any state where there seemed to be such a "movement" in favor of nothing but the public schools without recognizing that much

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of that opinion was a matter of mood, more than of clear-cut mentality—a matter of subconscious impression accepted from here, there, and everywhere without mental resistance and allowed to grow without scrutiny. Stevenson's declaration that man does not live by bread alone but mainly by catch-phrases, and that too often our ideas as well as our clothes are handed down ready to wear, and accepted so as to save the bother of getting a better fit, struck me as probably pat to my purpose. I saw very soon that within the range of such citizenry, anti-church motives of one kind and another were not necessarily the most important motives against church schools and secular private schools. I felt that pro-democracy, under careless and really betraying definitions, was among excellent people a graver danger than anti-Catholicism, or anti-Lutheranism, or anti-anything else. In the role of "candid friend" for the inestimably valuable idea of private schools, I wanted to find out the sources and the motives of confident arguments against us that enlist, passively oftener than actively, these excellent people.

Putting it in other terms—I was not interested in the Ku Klux Klan at all, but I was preoccupied with the Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern jurisdiction, the most powerful, and the most able, and the most open exponents of the idea that every child must be in the public schools. So far as an organized politico-intellectual campaign has a seat of authority, I saw in those first months, as I still see, it is not the Imperial Palace, Atlanta, Georgia—but the House of the Temple, Washington, D. C. There was where the Oregon campaign was organized. Obviously the "clip-sheets" issued from there to editors and professional men twice a month, the magazine issued once a month, and the speeches of its Grand Commander on tour, were elements to be considered carefully from a political standpoint—and with some seriousness from an intellectual standpoint.

I found a singular unanimity among Christian Scientists in favor of the movement to force all children into the public schools, and jail the parents if the children weren't there. It seemed to me curious, because it was so inconsistent with all Christian Science administrative principles—the right to be left alone unless it can be shown you are doing something harmful, for instance—and inconsistent with the existence of Christian Science elementary and preparatory schools—such as the Principia at St. Louis. No one could read the Christian Science Monitor for a week without recognizing its complete coördination with the House of the Temple in this matter. The Monitor's editor, Mr. Willis J. Abbott, visited Michigan on a speaking engagement at the University of Michigan during the immediate pre-campaign months there. He knows that state fairly well. Yet the Monitor displayed on its front page a rather fine double-column portrait of the man then running for a gubernatorial nomination on the schools issue. At the same time four successive articles, a column and more long, against "sect schools" in Michigan appeared in the Monitor's news columns. I took lunch with the gubernatorial candidate (a lunch that he avowedly fortified with three lieutenants for witnesses) and chaffed him about his Christian Science support. I said it was one on me—that it had me puzzled. I could account for him, but I couldn't account for that. He was complacent about it. He advised me to waste time trying to break it up. "Keep you out of mischief in more possible directions," he grinned. I talked with the head of Christian Science publicity in Michigan. He emphasized the enormous autonomy of each individual Christian Scientist in any such matter. But it was hard to keep him off the subject of Catholic sisters daily confronting youngsters at their studies. I discussed it with prominent practitioners. "You have wanted help more than once from all the forces you could muster to defend the mood of tolerance," I said to one. She refused to follow any development of logic that called on Christian Scientists to help protect Catholic schools, and offered me a frank abandonment of logic in a point of view that was a wonderful blend of feminine and Christian Science trends of thinking. I'll never, never tell it publicly. But I have been able to remember it. That is more of a feat than working out a cross-word puzzle. I had courtesy from all of them—a prompt stand on the defensive—and got no for'arder. My luncheon companion with the gubernatorial ambition was right when he grinned at me.

I always felt the Hearst newspapers as an influence which, trying to ride the fence, had the heavy leg on the side hostile to private schools. I never knew a zealot against private schools who felt unfriendly toward the attitude of the Hearst papers. Their editorial text usually has been that most recently expressed by the Washington Times of April 22, 1925—"The child that does not go to the public school, whether he be sent to the rich man's school, a religious school, or any other school, lacks the best start that an American child can have."

That, of course, is not true educationally, and is an unfair statement in its political effects—even though followed by an assertion of the parent's legal right to send his child to some other school. It, in effect, lays a charge against the parent. The whole position of the private schools is that the parents have a complete educational right as well as legal right, to have their children in some other school than the public school—and that they do admirable citizen-service in so arranging the schooling of their children. The Hearst papers, so far as I have had experience of them, in several states always hand a sandwich to the private schools, while they prepare a banquet for the public schools.

I remember that in the course of the Michigan campaign, the Hearst paper in Detroit printed an attack

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on the church schools of England, by H. G. Wells—a third of a page in big type. The implications were too obvious. "What do you want?" the editor said to me when I had occasion to discuss it with him. "We have printed an editorial on the legal rights of the private schools. Mr. Wells's opinion of anything is news. You know how this matter comes to us—part of our regular Sunday material secured for the Hearst papers all over the country." I repeated my conviction that it was editorial indiscretion to print such material in the midst of a campaign, if there was no political intention. I could not help recalling Mr. Wells's declaration in his novel, Joan and Peter. The declaration was in the mouth of a character, but the character was the one used with all the sympathy of the author, quite apparently, to confound false practice in education on the part of the other characters.

> Mr. Sycamore allowed himself to point the moral. "It is a very remarkable thing to me, Lady Charlotte, most remarkable, that Catholic people and Church of England people—you must forgive me for saying it—and religious bodies generally, should be so very anxious and energetic to get control of the education of children, and so careless—indeed they are dreadfully careless—of the tone, the wholesomeness and the quality of the education they supply. And of the homes they permit. It is almost as if they cared more for getting the children branded, than whether they lived or died.

That is an example of an influence greater than all these others in building up a body of vague opinion, even though more circumscribed in its direct action. Mr. Bertrand Russell, if we go by his article in The Century last December, and his book, Foundations of Modern Industrial Civilization, doesn't think either the state or the church amounts to shucks for the education of children, though his "agin-ness" is stronger against the church than against the state. John Dewey, with all the pragmatists, may be near anathema in theological implications, but his educational thinking is unlike that of Wells and Russell, and is importantly in favor of any and all private school efforts.

I found such influences as these having a powerful effect upon women's clubs—more effect earlier than now. Women's clubs are constantly called on for endorsements of two schools projects—the forcing of all children into the public schools in violation of the rights of the individual parents; and the forcing of all public schools into the control of a federal bureau of education, in violation of the rights of the individual states.

These endorsements were at first almost automatic, it being assumed that no well-meaning person could question such neatly all-inclusive, and patently patriotic, measures. Such endorsements were a result of mood, rather than of analysis, and that was why they interested me so much. Believing that both measures would damage all excellent educational intentions in the land, I have been interested to see a growing tendency to "refer back for further study" when women's clubs' committees bring in these hasty endorsements. That parliamentary procedure of women's clubs, the motion to "refer back for study," is exactly the state of mind and the line of thinking that the private schools of the country need. It is all they need from thinking men and women. It is the shift from off-hand "mood" to real consideration.

The legal rights of the individual citizen thus threatened, and the educational excellences thus threatened, are the two lines of thought that most engage such people where the property rights and the religious rights might leave them unmoved. I think in this connection of a letter written by an Episcopal lawyer-layman, whose property mood and whose religious mood apparently were not sufficient to stir him without the prod of these other two considerations—the rights of the individual citizen and the grave peril to fruitful schooling in diverse ways. He wrote—

> From a purely selfish standpoint, why are we so interested in the private schools battle? Our church has very, very few private schools, and even if they were wiped out, it would not interfere with our religious progress. Public schools contain over 99 per cent of our students, and they should contain 100 percent. Please do not misunderstand me. I believe that people have the right to educate their children where they please, whether in the Lutheran parochial or Roman Catholic parochial school. . . . So far as the rights are concerned, I am perfectly willing to lend my assistance toward maintaining the right of freedom so far as education is concerned.

A Scottish Rite Mason of the Northern Jurisdiction expressed it to me, too. "I am a public school man myself. My children go to the public schools. I believe in them for everybody. But I recognize both the moral and the legal right of somebody else to have his children taught otherwise, so long as the secular branches are taught just as efficiently as in the public schools." This Scottish Rite Mason was a banker and I had talked with him, as a side-issue, regarding the possible danger to Catholic financial commitments if such matters are agitated in a state—the impairment of diocesan Catholic credit because the value of much of its property might be destroyed. As it happened he was also for third identification, an Episcopalian, and the vestryman of a church.

"Our vestry board receives its money in cheques of fifty and a hundred dollars," he replied. "My bank lends a good deal of money to Catholic parishes. I know how that church gets its money—in pennies and nickles and dimes. Don't fret about Catholic credit. Catholic credit is better in this bank today than Episcopalian credit. Its pennies and nickles and dimes are surer collateral for us than Episcopalian cheques for fifties and hundreds."

"The Woolworth of churches," I suggested.

"Exactly. Thank you. And speaking as a bank president, this bank is not concerned over any agita-

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tion, or the outcome of any election, so far as present or prospective Catholic loans go. No, sir."

Such a letter and such a conversation seem to me to express both the careless danger, and the intelligent hope, for private schools. Indifferentists can be made ardent. I have learned that.

My clients in Michigan were primarily Catholic, and yet I had to protect even a little Free-Methodist school as well. My educational interest is centered in any single little boy or girl with a reader or an arithmetic-book—and yet I had to sit in State Supreme Court chambers, while the question of the initiative and referendum were argued, with oblique glances at me—and in the chamber of the United States Supreme Court, while questions almost as far afield were elaborately argued for final determination of this particular schools attack. I see the great need of every cent that can be found going into the laboratories and libraries of parochial schools and other private schools, and yet I have cost these people a pretty penny. I have listened for years in universities about the way pure scholarship is sacrificed to "pedagogy" in the training of teachers, and I hear nothing, or almost nothing, of this in all the talk about state certification of teachers. Each state should certificate all its teachers. But the certification is not infallible. Who shall certificate the certification? Who shall guarantee the "schools of pedagogy?" All the talk is about where the children should be taught, when all the talk needs to forget the children, and centre on where and how the teachers are taught before they ever see the children. I hear heated criticism of the Catholic Church for its "dead hand" of conformity upon its sisters and upon its children—and the next moment am asked to admire and promote an ideal of stereotyping for all teachers and all children in the name of one school for every child, and federal overlordship scanning each school. In an attempt to reach the reductio ad absurdum of the lines of argument I confronted, I started to say that I would as lief insist on uniform graves, and uniform tombstones, and uniform inscriptions on the tombstones—as on uniform schools and teaching schedules and teachers. Our teachers are too uniform now. But I discovered that such a ridiculous regulation of graves had been proposed, once at least, by no less a personage than a Brazilian prime minister, back in the 1870's—and I realized that in these matters there is no reductio ad adsurdum that can be sure of universal recognition as such.

The infatuated belief in uniformity seems to be in citizenship and in education, the basic ideal of those attacking private schools who are not actuated by religious hatreds. All the arguments they use in the end boil down to that. It is the opposite of everything excellent in citizenship and in schooling. Fortunately that seems to gain steady recognition as intelligent but hitherto careless citizens give themselves up to thoughtfulness about it.

A POPE, A COMET, AND MR. DARROW

By G. R. GARRETT

THOUGH commonly ascribed to the unlearned and the religiously inclined, credulity and the myth-making instinct are far from being the exclusive possessions of these classes. Rationalism, as well as religion, has given birth to legends, the difference in the products in the one case and the other lying in this perhaps—that the religious legend enshrines a spiritual truth and is so apprehended by those who originate and perpetuate it; while the rationalistic legend flaunts a lie and is taken for factual truth by those whose a priori premises it flatters.

A delightful instance of this seldom realized phenomenon is afforded by a recent resurrection of the hoary fable of the Pope and the comet, by Mr. Clarence Darrow in an interview on the forthcoming forensic struggle in Tennessee between himself and Mr. Bryan, on the merits or demerits of that state's law against the teaching of evolution in the public schools.

I quote from the issue of June 10 of the New York World, in which the reporter accredits Mr. Darrow with the following remarks—"You will recall that the Pope issued a bull against a comet once upon a time. But the comet kept on coming just the same. Apparently it had not heard anything of the bull."

Now it happens that the comet's ignorance was well founded. No bull of the kind has ever been issued by a Pontiff. Mr. Darrow did not know this. He read the fable in either Draper or White, where it appears in the company of similar inventions; it agreed with his a priori premises concerning religion; and because of this congruence he accepted it as fact. Note that even the phrasing reveals its mythical nature. Not *a* Pope, but *the* Pope. And "once upon a time." It was not enough for him to convict a single Pope of besotted ignorance, naïve superstition, a belief in magic—he must fasten these stigmas upon the whole papal line; for so they are fastened in his own fancy. I willingly acquit him of conscious malice. Indeed, I am quite sure that he would be unable to understand why anyone should take umbrage at what to him is a truism of history. Does not every schoolboy know that Catholicism is the religion of the dark-ages? It would be idle to enumerate the corollaries that can be drawn from the popular answer to this question. They are all implicit in this fable, whose very lightness makes

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it more conclusive than volumes. It is a polemic in a nut shell. And because it is a polemic it deserves a more detailed treatment than is warranted by its historicity. Its historicity, indeed, is precisely and exactly a minus quantity. In the form in which Mr. Darrow gives it, it is not to be found until almost four centuries after the suppositious event it purports to relate.

The facts are briefly these. When Callistus III became Pope in 1455, he found Christendom threatened by a peril which had been the peculiar concern of his predecessors for centuries. The Turks were in possession of Constantinople. Europe was menaced as it had not been menaced since the time of the Saracens. He sent legates to all the Christian princes urging them to organize a crusade, and meeting with no response promulgated a bull, dated June 29, 1456, in which he enjoined the following religious practices upon the faithful—all priests were to say the "oratio contra paganos," the prayer against the pagans, during Mass; clergy and laity were to say three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys daily between noon and vespers; processions were to be held by the clergy and faithful on the first Sunday of each month, and the priests were to preach on faith, patience, and penitence; to expose the cruelty of the Turks and urge all to pray for the deliverance of the populations they were then attacking.

This is the famous "bull against Halley's comet," whose only connection with it was temporal. It does not allude to the comet, either directly or indirectly, and there is no reason for assuming that the comet had anything whatever to do with its promulgation. It is quite true that the appearance of the comet caused great alarm in Europe, even among the learned. Science had not ascertained any of the definite data which it now possesses concerning comets. They were thought to be vaporous emanations from our own planet, and this belief persisted as late as Galileo, who shared it. Nothing was known of their orbits. In view of these facts, it would not have been surprising if Callistus III had—not launched a bull against the comet, for the Catholic religion, in spite of Mr. Darrow's presuppositions to the contrary, is not magic, and indeed anathematizes that delusion as it does its twin-sister, superstition—but appointed a season of prayer to allay the fears of the faithful, and turn their minds more vividly to their Creator. In point of fact, however, he did not do this. Neither the bull in question, commonly known as the Angelus Bull because that devotion is thought to have originated with it, nor any other of the numerous papers of his Pontificate, all of which are still preserved in the Vatican archives, contains the faintest allusion to the comet.

How then did the legend arise? It has been fathered on the following paragraph which occurs in the Vitae Pontificum of one Bartolommeo Platina or Sacchi—a writer of the day whose distinction it is to have compiled the first handbook of papal history. He was associated with the Vatican in various capacities, but not at the time of the bull's promulgation, as one controversialist erroneously asserts. The paragraph, which contains nothing to substantiate the fable, runs as follows—

> A maned and fiery comet appearing for several days, while scientists were predicting a great plague, dearness of food, or some great disaster, Callistus decreed that processions be held for some days to avert the anger of God, so that if any calamity threatened mankind it might be entirely diverted against the Turks, the foes of the Christian name. He likewise ordered that the bells be rung at midday, as a signal to all the faithful to move God with assiduous petitions, and to assist with their prayers those engaged with the Turks.

The assumption contained in the opening clauses that the comet played a causative part in the bull's promulgation is not borne out by the bull, which, as previously stated, contains no mention of the comet. Moreover, that the two were not even so associated in the popular mind at the time is indicated by the failure of any other writer so to connect them—though references both to the bull and the comet are frequent in contemporaneous writings. Thus Saint Antoninus, then Archbishop of Florence, in his Chronicorum Tres Libri, gives an accurate enumeration of the prayers prescribed by Callistus for the overthrow of the Turks. Elsewhere in the same work, in a chapter entitled De cometis unde causentur et quid significentur, he discusses the comet of 1456. Nowhere, however, does he refer to prayers or processions in any way implicated with the appearance of the comet, though as archbishop he could not have been ignorant of such prayers had they been prescribed. The same silence is observed by other writers.

The first writer to embroider Platina's story was the astronomer Laplace, who made use of the word "conjuration," both in his Essais Philosophiques and in his Exposition du Systeme du Monde. He removed it from later editions of the former work, but not from the Exposition, and in the course of time the turn he had given what was in the first instance an historical misstatement, assumed the most fantastic proportions. The atheist Arago described the Pope as launching an excommunication against the comet. Another writer painted a graphic picture of the Friars Minor going into the battle of Belgrade, crucifix in hand, hurling exorcisms at the comet as they went, this in spite of the fact that the comet had disappeared from view before the battle was fought. Dr. Andrew White, who repeated the legend in his work on The Conflict between Science and Religion, embellished it with an addition to the Litany—"From the Turk and the comet, Good Lord deliver us!"

It became a stock polemic and passed into that storehouse of verbal tradition which contains such favorites

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as Pope Joan, and the one asserting that nuns who broke their vows in the middle-ages, met the fate that was meted out earlier to Roman Vestals. Perhaps its most famous quotation was the one made by Lincoln, when he was urged to emancipate the slaves before he thought that procedure likely to be more than an empty gesture. It is extremely unlikely that he had ever encountered it in his reading. In all probability he had heard it in boyhood. By his day it was so firmly incorporated with what may be called the Protestant myth (with no derogation to the Protestant religion) that it did not need the unmerited prestige of a White or a Draper to lend it a spurious authenticity.

A volume could be written on its philosophic implications which, briefly, involve an erroneous identification of two very different things—religion and magic. Religion's domain is spiritual. Magic, like science of which it is the primitive ancestor, is an attempt to control the material universe. In Catholicism, and in all theistic religions, there is an apparent overlapping —but it is only apparent, and not real, there being an abyss of thought and intention between the theist's prayer for rain, addressed to the Creator of the universe, and the magic rites of the savage employed for the same purpose.

But this is too far afield. Let us stick to concrete facts. As a lawyer, as well as a rationalist firmly opposed to obscurantism of every sort, Mr. Darrow must be thoroughly acquainted with the fundamental rôle which both history and science, as well as courts of law, assign to the fact. Without it, without cogent evidence for its existence, all conclusions drawn from it are worthless. And weighed in this balance, his tale of the Pope and the comet is the last thing one would expect him to lend credence to—a legend.

PSYCHOLOGISTS' COLORED GLASSES

By E. BOYD BARRETT

(This is the second of two articles by Father Barrett, exchange professor of psychology at Georgetown University.—The Editors.)

WE take it for granted that as we grow up from infancy to manhood, we pass through different mental stages. Faculties develop. Impulses are more under control. New tastes are formed. Old tasted disappear. External expressions of emotions change. The range of thought increases. The things we fear are no longer the same. New links are added to our chains of association. Values are shifted to other objects. Symbols gain added meanings. The number of our significant gestures and symptomatic acts increases. Our impulses and emotions are less simple and direct. They have undergone distortions, and are sometimes partly denaturalized. Our mental functioning as a whole is distracted, troubled, and less healthy—although the use of reason, and the sense of freedom and responsibility mark our adult stage.

There is then a notable difference between the mind of the child and the mind of the adult—a difference that is clearly reflected in the use of language. A limited vocabulary is sufficient for a child. While an adult requires a very large vocabulary.

Now, it is asserted by many present day psychologists that at times man regresses and acts as though he were a child again. He reclothes himself unconsciously with the emotions of a child, and seeks for the satisfactions he enjoyed as a child. This they assert is to be expected, since the first impressions of childhood were never wholly effaced—but only driven down into the subconscious. Furthermore, they pretend that once control and inhibition weaken, man starts backwards, groping about as it were for the happy, infantile emotions that made such a deep impression on him.

However far-fetched this view may seem at first sight, it must be confessed that there is much truth in it. We are constantly reclothing ourselves in child's clothes. At times our conduct is characterized as childish; at times, as child-like. In playing with children, and under the influence of suggestion, we imitate the language and movements of children with great naturalness. When control and convention cease to inhibit, as on a beach in summer, we play and gambol as big children. We clap hands, gape, babble, and act and talk in as inconsequential a way as any child. And be it noted that this regression is indeliberate and subconscious. We find ourselves suddenly children again. The impulse that brought us back was a very real impulse. In old age the impulse still lasts, and "second-childhood" appears. When the brain begins to decay the mentality of childhood prevails; all else is lost or suppressed. The tastes of childhood have a reality that no subsequent tastes have. They are deeply felt and make deep impressions. They seem lost to consciousness in after years, but they still live on in the subconscious, and in dreams they reappear. In changed forms the fears of childhood also last; they too reappear in dreams. The satisfactions of the wants of childhood were the greatest joys we ever had and they are the joys that we are searching for in moments of half-consciousness, or of vague affective yearnings.

Most significant of all is the tendency that manifests itself in so many neurotic characters to fly from reality —to give up the fight—to hide in realms of dream and fantasy. The drug-addict, the neurasthenic, the megalomaniac, and sufferers from various nerve disorders

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show this tendency. They regress to the child outlook on life. They are satisfied with toys and fairytales and dreams. They cry if they feel cold or hungry, or if anything threatens them. They have no use for reason or will, but seek the immediate gratification of their impulses. And so the pyromaniac burns houses to see the blaze, and the kleptomaniac grabs at the glittering bauble, and the wanderer (dromomaniac) follows the dangled toy. All are children in their impulses. All have regressed to infancy. Child-like they still chase shadows and follow a will o' the wisp.

I have said before that Psyche, as the principle of life, clad in green, plays on the human body as on a musical instrument, and certainly when we attend to the little unconscious gestures and movements that man makes, we cannot help thinking of Psyche and the struggle for life. All these gestures and movements are symptomatic. The body is ever expressing in some way or other what is passing within. Poetically, we say, that the body dances to the moods of Psyche. We stroke our foreheads, rub our hands together, stamp our feet, glance upwards or downwards, swing our arms, bow our head, fiddle with our fingers, ravel and unravel bits of thread, yawn, stretch ourselves, beat the air with a stick, cut off the heads of flowers, arch our eyebrows, frown or smile, rub our noses or necks, toss our heads in the air—and in a hundreds and one other ways translate thoughts and feelings into muscular action.

Our deepest mental attitudes, those in which we are most concerned, and most absorbed, are the ones that express themselves in this way. We reveal our secrets. Nothing is hidden that will not manifest itself. Psychic energy overflows and finds release. This release is biologically healthful. It is expansion, self-expression. It resembles the vomiting of poisoned food. It is a defense mechanism of Psyche. It stands as substitute for social intercourse. Conversation and exchange of ideas through language is the normal form the impulse takes. Talking to one's self and symptomatic movements is the abnormal—the substitute form. Often, however, hidden gross impulses and desires, uncommunicable by language, and "bottled up" through fear of outraging conventions, find release in symptomatic gestures and movements.

In dreams we find the green-mantled Psyche at work. Dreams have no interest for psychologists who use yellow, or blue, glasses. But they are of paramount interest to green-glass psychologists. Dreams have a deep biological significance. They are most certainly efforts of the mind in the struggle for life. Sometimes they are interpreted as attempts to find solutions for the problems of the day. Sometimes they are regarded as mere reactions to sensory and physiological stimuli. Sometimes they are understood as the release of suppressed wishes and thoughts—and are looked upon as mental symptomatic gestures. There is truth in each of these views. But the significance of dreams is still deeper. Dreams are like practice games of football. They serve to prepare and train one for future contests. They whet the appetites. They give exercise to mental functions. They allow the emotions to discharge themselves and to have their play. It may be, too, that they protect sleep. They certainly coöperate in the end of sleep, which is to give time for the rebuilding of the wasted tissues. They serve to keep important memories fresh, and they originate new associations of ideas. When pleasant, they rest the mind. When terrible, they give warning of disorderly mental habits, or misuse of physiological functions. Dreams, like symptomatic gestures, betray secrets. Nothing of self is hidden from the eye in dreamland. Our deepest wishes and thoughts appear naked, or clothed in fancy garb. But they are sure to appear. Again, such self expression is biologically healthful, and so far as it is a vomiting up of poison, it is a defense-mechanism of Psyche.

Industrial and social phenomena are doubly interesting to behold, when looked at through green glasses. The workman's strike is as much a vital phenomenon as searching for food. The fatigue he feels is as much a biological protection as are his clothes. The coming of new ideas, improvements, and inventions corresponds to the slowing of the heart-beat and the stooping of the shoulders in old age. It signifies the economizing of energy. Trade and commerce, the arts, advances in political thought, are likewise phases of the great life struggle.

I have attempted to show how facts may be described when looked upon from the point of view of a biological psychologist, but I have carefully avoided finding fault with those who wear spectacles of colors other than green. There is a need for understanding points of view in psychology, if acrimonious criticisms are to be avoided.

Prescription for Sleep

Think of tall grasses bending in the wind,
Think of amber and onyx,
(Colors to snuff out thought with loveliness!)
Think of nothing
But the silence of a cloud
In a great gale.

Think of the glittering moon
Hung like an earring
On the dark cheek of night—
Think of a song so sweet
It is perilous to listen.

Think of courage,
Strong, smooth-muscled,
Moving quietly through the world.

And think of happiness
Poured in the empty cup
Of a dream.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS.

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THE INFLUENCE OF HOLY YEAR

By L. J. S. WOOD

(This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Wood, on Rome. The third article will appear in an early issue.—The Editors.)

FOR months people have been coming, lately have been pouring, into Italy and into Rome. Statistics of the Gotthard traffic give a quarter of a million for one period of three weeks, from which it is estimated that half a million must have come in on all routes from the north. That, of course, was the rush period, and only a certain proportion went to Rome. The Gotthard traffic, however, contained a very large number of special pilgrimage trains and it is fair to estimate that these, with similar pilgrimage trains on the other lines and with the ordinary visitor traffic, carried several hundred thousand passengers to Rome. Huge numbers were booked from France for the canonizations, England provided five hundred one week, is sending others later; Ireland and Scotland are providing their quota; Germany will certainly keep up, at the present moment is far exceeding its regular five hundred a week; Poland and other European countries are waking up and finding they are late in booking accommodation; an Australian pilgrimage is on its way; the Chinese are coming in spite of floods and revolutions; a big company from the United States is assured to follow those who have already arrived. Adding to all these the unceasing influx of Italians—the Pope said Mass for an assembly of two thousand five hundred from the north of Italy one Sunday—and reconsidering the number of months that Holy Year has yet to run, it looks as if the suggestion given in a previous article of a million and a quarter for the whole year was an under-estimate. There will in any case have been a very notable assembly in Rome in response to the Pope's invitation.

I will put aside as far as is possible the strictly religious signficance of the event. It is not possible to consider the world aspect of the Holy Year entirely apart from religion, because religion is its basis—is the basis of every action, even those that seem most worldly, of the Holy See. Out of such actions, however, there often emerge results of interest to the world; and the world is influenced by such actions. Is, then, this Holy Year likely to have any such influence —to produce any such result?

Such results might be brought about in two ways; first by the influence of the Pope's known wishes on the minds of his three hundred million spiritual subjects and by the influence of such of them as have the mind and the power to exercise in their turn any influence on the world at large; secondly, by the influence of the Pope's wishes, reverberating through objective repetition and publication, and through subjective appreciation of the importance of the phenomenon of Holy Year and its concomitants, directly on the world at large.

The Pope expressed his special wishes for this Holy Year in the Bull of Announcement of May 29, 1924. They were three. One was "that conditions in Palestine may be ordered and arranged in the way required by the rights of the Catholic religion." That is a particular, a momentary matter, brought into special prominence by conditions resulting from the recent war. The second was "that all non-Catholics may seek refuge in the true Church of Christ." That is the whole mission of the Church summed up in a few words, but with vivified import added to it by the recent upheaval of minds, as well as of world conditions. The third was "Peace." That is the one great problem of today. The Pope's words were—"Peace, not so much the peace written in treaties as that impressed on souls, which must be restored among the peoples. It may not indeed be so far off as it was in past times; nevertheless it is farther off than our hopes and the hopes of all would desire. If, then, you who live in Rome and you who come here, with your souls purified of sin and lit up by charity, pray at the tombs of the Apostles for such a precious blessing, shall it not be that we may hope that Christ, the Prince of Peace, who once calmed with a gesture the waves of the Sea of Galilee, moved at last with pity for His people, may ordain that the storms by which now for so long Europe has been overcome may be checked and calmed?"

With regard to the first of these, Palestine, the Holy See shares responsibility with all Chrisitans, but with a special sense and realization of, and reverence for, the uniquely sacred character of the Holy Land. When England, the mandatory power, by the Balfour Declaration, formulated the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine, officially and formally endorsed by all the European powers and the United States, the Holy See was disturbed. Although Zionism now no longer puts forward its original exaggerated claims to complete political predominance there, it is building up an economic, and aiming at a cultural, predominance which, in the eyes of the Holy See, threaten the sacred Christian tradition of the Holy Land. Openly, in particular, it has attacked the Catholic faith and established Catholic rights. Further, the Holy See has not failed to note, immediately after the Armistice, the remarkable influx of Protestant organizations, with worthy motives it may be, but accompanied by a certain amount of proselytizing, and in more recent times a campaign to unite, with money and influence, Protestants and Orthodox in opposition to the age-long established rights of the Catholic Church.

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The Holy See asks simply of the League of Nations that the mandate be carried out in the terms which it itself has laid down: that is to say, that the Commission ordered for the settlement of the questions concerning the Holy Places be appointed and begin to function, and that meanwhile until the whole question is settled the status quo of 1852 be maintained. It waits for the League to carry out its own rulings. But meanwhile it is bound to keep watch over the rights and interests of the Catholic Church. It cannot allow to pass unnoticed, it is bound to resist and refute, claims unauthorized by history, such as that, for instance, recently set forth in the United States, urging the coöperation, the union indeed, of all Protestants and Orthodox in the support of the Orthodox Patriarchate, represented as "the sole guardian from time immemorial of Christendom in the Holy Land"—as if Rome, the Latin Church and the Franciscans had never existed.

And here, as in all suggestions of union of the churches, is touched the Pope's second point. Signs have not been lacking of this thought in men's minds of recent years—Pan-Christian Conferences, C. O. P. E. C. in England, the notable effort of Anglo-Catholics towards some sort of union with Orthodox, Nestorian and other non-Catholic churches, the "union" pronouncement of the Lambeth Conference of four years ago, the conversations at Malines between certain Anglicans and certain Catholics. The Holy See's attitude has been shown clearly and is, as it must be, unchanged. "Union," for it, means union with the one true Church. That essential thing being understood, there has been and always will be the utmost charity in non-essentials. There is an instance to hand here in Rome today, a pilgrimage of the Graymoor community of the Society of the Atonement. Sixteen years ago this non-Catholic religious community was received into the Catholic Church. The Church, recognizing its goodness, allowed it to remain a community, to live its life and keep its rule just as it had been doing before its members became Catholics, incorporating them in the Third Order of Saint Francis. The charity of purpose of the Holy See towards all good Christian men was seen again in Benedict XV's words to the Bishops of the American Episcopalian church who were here in May, 1919, in connection with a proposed congress. "One fold and one Shepherd" was what the Pope said then, as the Pope says now, with all kindness but with all straightforward firmness—"that those who take part in such congress may by the grace of God see the light and become reunited to the visible Head of the Church by whom they will be received with open arms."

If any special sign is to be noted in the developments of the last few years, it is perhaps the realization by serious non-Catholic leaders and thinkers of the immutability of this principle. Arguments for the "constitutionalization," the "democratization" of the Church of Rome as a condition for reunion have given place to "Rome, it is now clear, will not change; if you want her you must go to her, accept her." It is impossible to foresee what direction this change of thought will ultimately take, but there are signs of a distinct change in the line of cleavage. Instead of finding the dividing line between Catholics on one side, and all the rest on the other, it is now beginning to be marked as being between those who believe in God and His revelation and those who do not—this last a heterogeneous and more and more embittered company. Meanwhile, as a suggestion, let six words spoken on the platform at Liverpool as a pilgrimage was starting thence for Rome, be quoted. As a plumber and his mate were waiting for their local train, a band of pilgrims also waited, and as all bowed their heads to receive from a young priest the blessing of the Archbishop for their journey, said the plumber to his mate—"It's a great religion, somehow." That is the subjective influence of Holy Year—spreading and surely, though we cannot see it, in the long run helping towards the realization of what the world needs, what the Pope put as his third and great plea, "Peace."

IRISH ART EXHIBIT

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

WHEN William Morris and his friends, Rossetti and Burne-Jones, banded together in 1861 to create and popularize aesthetic ideals in the home, they not only ended the mid-Victorian era of Eastlake ugliness, but they started movements which are still bearing fruit in certain communities. In 1890, Morris's Kelmscott Press was established at Hammersmith; and in his factory at Merton Abbey young people were imbibing his ideals and learning to interpret beauty under many forms.

Miss Lily Yeats was one of his forewomen, and with her sister Miss Elisabeth Corbet Yeats of the famous Yeats family, she established in Dublin the Cuala industries, including the Cuala Press for the publication of hand-printed volumes. So successful has this press become, and so beautiful and conscientious is the execution of the work, that according to the Irish Statesman, volumes out of print bring from five to seven pounds, and are eagerly sought for by collectors.

Examples of the work of this press are through the courtesy of Miss Mary Sutliffe, on exhibition at the Hudson Park Branch of the New York Public Library, 66 Le Roy Street; and though the cases contain only a few Christmas cards, calendars and books, their high standard bears witness to the good work being done in Dublin—where it would seem, artists, poets and handicraft workers alike take more joy than elsewhere in aesthetic achievement. While Ireland has been going through political convulsion, and experienc-

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ing, as always, more than her meed of suffering, strong hands have held up torches of beauty and seeing eyes have recorded the wonders that lie just beneath the surface of life. Charles Ricketts with his scenery and costumes, Lady Gregory with her plays, Synge with his Well of the Saints, Murray, Lennox Robinson, Shiels MacNamara, William Butler Yeats, Padraic Colum and many others are part of this movement at once so national and so universal.

William Butler Yeats has a less known brother Jack; but the examples of Jack Yeats's work at this exhibition show a poetical spirit as rich and responsive as his brother's; and a delightful humor breaks through these little faery-tale posters and Christmas cards; as in Evening where an Irish donkey frisks in the saffron of the after-glow. The Islanders, a number of peasants going home in a rude boat, is not only beautifully drawn but carries pathos and that element of mystery which abides with people who dwell on the soil and believe in fairies and love the saints.

The Cuala Press prints these drawings in color; and their Christmas cards, beautiful both in sentiment and design would put to shame much of the commercial and often pagan products issued here as cards for the Christmas season. Some preserve snatches of old Irish folk-lore, or a fragment like the ancient Rune of Hospitality "recovered" from the Gaelic by Kenneth Macleod:

I saw a stranger yestereen,
I put food in the eating-place,
Drink in the drinking-place,
Music in the listening-place,
And in the blessed name of the Triune
He blessed myself and my house,
My cattle and my dear ones,
And the lark said in her song,
Often, often, often
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.
Often, often, often
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.

Very lovely is another little picture or poster of the Blessed Virgin ironing a diminutive garment of the Christ child who lies asleep by her while two angels look in through the window. The Wrenn Boys, The Fairy Hill, The Rainbow, are by Jack Yeats, whose sympathy with childhood has made him a most successful illustrator of children's books.

From the Cuala Press is shown also the Lake Island of Innisfree in black letter with illuminated initial; and the small but rich volume of Yeats's plays and poems, entitled The Cat and the Moon, printed, as it is stated, on paper made in Ireland—a satisfying little volume both to the eye and the touch.

A. E. has a painting in this little exhibition, a woman seated by a lonely Irish lake; and Joseph Campbell, a delightful book, entitled Mearing Stones, Leaves from my Note-book on Tramp in Donegal; illustrated with sixteen pencil drawings. These recall Rockwell Kent's work in their simplicity and deep response to the spirit of such places of lonely loveliness as the Pass of Glengesh, Clady River near Gweedore and Lochros Beay.

Not the least interesting thing shown is an old map of Ireland, published in 1638 in the stormy days of the elusive "graces" of King Charles the First. It is designated Hibernia Regnum Vulgo Ireland, 1638, and the old spelling "Dublyn" and "Lymericke" is employed. The map was made "Apud Guiljelmum Blaeu."

The Cuala Industries of Dublin offer a fine example for the craftsmen of this country; since wherever such work is done, there is set up a little house of peace, and an altar to beauty much needed in the present stress of industrial life.

FISH THAT WON'T WALK

By RICHARDSON WRIGHT

LAST summer, through stupidity, I did a dear friend a great wrong. I saw him first in his garden, then I saw him in mine. And the man who walked in my garden I judged to be a different man than the one who walked in his. His garden is in the luxuriant tropics and mine sprawls over the arid saddle and flank of a Connecticut hill. Between them lies a vast gulf of climate. In Connecticut nature has to be wooed; in the tropics you have to fight her off.

Most gardens in the tropics of this continent are laid out in precise and formal design, doubtless brought to Latin America by the Spaniards and French of days in which the influence of La Notre in one country and the heritage of the Moors in the other had set the standard for formalism. Even after these many years the native of these regions knows no other way of laying out a garden except in a formal pattern of beds and borders.

There is a reason for this. A man in the tropics makes a formal garden for much the same reason that an Englishman is said to wear a dinner jacket in the depths of an African jungle—lest he "go native." These formal gardens of the tropics—and you find them wherever you go—are proofs of civilization, challenges to Nature, evidences of man's capacity for surmounting her great and almost overwhelming odds. So he curbs ambitious flowers with hard bricked parterres and trims his hedges and restrains the vine lest it get the upper hand.

It was just such a garden I expected to see when my

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friend from the tropics asked me to visit him. I had a preliminary vision of order, neatness and horticultural restraint. But we turned in from the street—and I found myself in a jungle.

Hibiscus arch the path that is dank to the feet. Spotted crotons and caladiums, green and yellow and red, point their macabre and leprous foliage at me. Poinsettias—out of all proportions to the ones we see at Christmas—flame above the pool where gigantic lilies spread their pads. Dracenas that we grow carefully in pots in sunny windows, grow here into scrawny trees. From tree trunks orchids hang their butterfly flowers—as many as seventeen kinds in one tree alone. The roof of the house—a rambling Spanish affair—is smothered with a magenta bougainvillea vine. Overhead reel drunken cocoanut palms. Limes, royal palms, coffee trees, the palm fern—architecturally perfect—the pinkish flamboyant, feathery fern trees, and a dozen or more other varieties, rustling and swinging in the breeze, line the boundary, with a thick jasmine and cactus hedge beneath. Queer foliages these; sinister flowers! Tortuous creepers embrace and strangle whatever they touch. Insidious and lovely parasitic plants leech on tree and bush. The air is a miasm of heady and rich odors. From gigantic leaves comes the drip of moisture.

Through this jungle garden paths wind with no thought for design. A row of traveler's palms sprawls its legs across the path, so the path turns aside. A cocoanut palm hurls down its bombs, and you walk away to be lost in a grove of bamboo and mahogany seedlings. Lichens cover the marble flagging of the walks and make the going precarious. Lizards dart here and there on stone and branch.

If ever there was design in this garden, nature has made quick work of it. For it is patterned after the jungle. And the man who made it, a jungle man. He is at home there. It is a perfect environment for him. His huge body, his leonine head, his brusque gestures, his sudden gentlenesses, his loud outbursts and his quick tears—in all these he is a product of his garden. He wanders under its trees as, in the hillside jungles far above, wild animals rove.

Then, as I said, I invited him to visit my garden in Connecticut.

It lies on the flank and ridge of a terminal moraine. Rock and gravel were all that remained when the glacier melted away. Subsequent eons have left a scant deposit of loam, and in that loam I make my garden. The house is formal, in the neo-classic style of 1840. The lawn that surrounds it is kept close cropped. Flower borders, precise and studiously planted, fringe the lawn. Vines, after many years of nurture, now aspire to luxuriance. The fruit is planted to orderly ranks. In the cutting garden the paths lie straight and clean. Each side the path, row on row, stand the neat marigold and the well-behaved larkspur, the seemly phlox and the rigid iris.

As he came up the hill toward the house I noticed that a silence possessed him. He had spoken of the uncouth rocks that littered the hillsides hereabouts and the gigantic labors by which men in an earlier generation had piled the stone walls. These things were on a big scale and he appreciated them; but ahead lay the order and precision of my little garden—and it depressed him. For days he spoke only when spoken to. He seemed to be constantly holding himself in hand—the way a big and dangerous dog acts on the leash. When the day came for him to go, his bags were packed hours before train time.

That week-end was one of the most unpleasant I've ever experienced. Unpleasant, because I was frightfully disappointed in him. I knew what a great man he had been in his garden, but in mine he was small and critical and unhappy.

For days after his departure I wondered what I had done to hurt him; wondered if he had had bad news, some misfortune. Then it dawned on me that, indeed, I had done him a great injustice. I had taken him out of his environment into mine. I had expected him to be the same in mine that he was in his. I had expected this fish ("queer fish," if you will) to walk!

It is said to be the mark of the really cultured gentleman (at least, I've read so in books) that he can be at home anywhere; that he is spiritually and physically elastic and malleable; that he speaks the tongues of all classes and is quick to sense and accept the customs of all strata. We are told how graciously queens have acted to aged washerwomen, how Presidents' wives have dropped forks when their gauche guests dropped forks, how men of the world slide from the polish of the parlor to the argot of the bar-room and back again. But these experiences are transitory, you will note; they last only a short time. The man of the world doesn't stay in the bar-room, the queen makes her visit short, and the President's wife doesn't continue to scatter forks. This alleged attribute of cultured people is an apocryphal legend. They are just as unhappy out of their environments as the rest of us.

True, we all like our occasional bits of spiritual slumming or our flights into rarer atmospheres; but adventure takes us there and homesickness brings us back. We do not belong to any environment save our own. And we are truly ourselves only when we are in our own environment. To judge a man out of his environment is to do him a gross injustice. To attempt to fasten the standards of a strange circumstance upon him is as silly as trying to squeeze a stout man into a thin man's coat.

The environment to which a man belongs may not be merely physical; it is often a matter of time. There was, for example, the vice-consul from B——who, when I was a bachelor, came to pass a week-end with me in April and who stayed on and on until, in October, I was married and left him staying there. My friends thought I was being horribly imposed upon, whereas,

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for a matter of fact, I was being constantly enlightened and amused. The man simply didn't belong to this century; he was a mediaevalist. Although he wore trousers and coat instead of doublet and hose, although he carried a cane instead of a dagger, although he spoke English instead of old French, he belonged to France of the fourteenth century. He was rather dull when he spoke of modern affairs and peculiarly stupid when our conversation drifted to purely mechanical developments of the past few decades; but mention something that eventually impinged on his era, and he flashed. Touch on his century and he became brilliant. In the first week of his visit he suggested my reading Taylor's The Mediaeval Mind. I did, and it was like opening a window to his soul. . . . That man is still a mediaevalist. He always has been and always will be. To judge him out of his century would be unfair to him. Even in his age of blind faith (he called it "the age of faith") fishes did not walk.

Fiona Macleod tells of a sea madness that comes over sailors who retire to inland farms, how they mistake for waves the furrows that the coulter turns. Read the legend and it is distinctly unpleasant and strange; but apply the same idea to people who seem unhappy or unsuccessful or restless, and their vagaries echo a madness. Their failures are inexplicable, their restlessness without cause. In our haste and lack of charity we lump such people under the head of "queer" and go on our way. True, they do not measure up to our peculiar, precise or formal standards of living, or philosophy or dress—but wouldn't they be quite different if they were in their proper environments?

A COMMUNICATION

DEAD ISSUES

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—With extraordinary confidence, considering the instability of human affairs in general, men who for the moment guide our way to better things will tell us that certain matters over which we have puzzled our minds or to which we have aspired should be resolutely cast aside now, as dead issues, no longer of practical importance—so, monarchies in Europe, throughout the world; so, the League of Nations; so, Leo Braunstein,—Trotzky as he will be known to history.

Monarchies were dead in Europe years ago. Most had fallen and the few thrones that remained were crumbling, cobwebbed and worm-eaten, to negligible dust. Still, in China, that country which has seen so much of change for so many centuries that its present inhabitants can look out on life philosophically as on something with which after all they have very little concern, even in the midst of revolution and civil war and the wrenching of their old mother country into modern flapper dress, had time to be civil to her deposed young emperor —to provide for his comfort, education and amusement—to care for him so assiduously that one might almost believe their wisdom of the ages moved them to keep an emperor in reserve, in case the fashion in governments should change. A very tiny principality, now a republic, is said to have discovered that there might be much to be said for a prince who built and maintained roads and many other things of common use out of his own purse, nor ever troubled his subjects with taxes. In France the Royalist party is more numerous than in many decades though keenly aware of utter lack of possible candidates for the throne. England's throne, very shaky not long ago, stands once more firm. Of Belgium there was hardly question, for King Albert is truly King of the Belgians. Mussolini, ex-socialist, avowing the republican tendency of his revolution as he marched on Rome, announced nevertheless his firm conviction that were it possible for a modern king to reign and rule without the hampering shackles of parliamentary groups, each destructive of the other's power, he would stand for monarchy, and proved his faith by his actions. He brought King and people into partnership and sent through all Italy a thrill of youth and hopeful vigor that will last. Spain followed—without the perspicacity, without the fanatical faith and energy of a Mussolini. Germany has elected a monarchist to be President and leading European thought approves, for this monarchist stands for firmness and order. Monarchy is not dead in the world.

"The League of Nations is a dead issue for the American people," and with that statement by a public man, repeated by others, the League loses value as a news item; debate on American membership withers, not to be revived. Yet everything that Americans have done in Europe brings nearer the day when protective measures must be taken against a new and more terrible destruction of those international roots and tendrils spreading and branching through the ruins of yesterday. It might be said that not yet is it time for America to consider entering a League of Nations; that certain conditions must precede. It could be said with the greatest certainty that for America to enter the League or any league when it was first proposed, was utterly impossible—that it has been impossible at any time since, and may be impossible for a long time to come. No "issue" can truly be said to die, however, which arises from a whole-souled longing of the world's masses of humanity for comfort, leisure, means to enjoy their comfort and their leisure, peace—until threatened with disturbance of that peace. The urge to protect that peace does not die with the majority of men—it grows as human comfort and enlightenment grows. It is not yet time to call that issue dead.

Not long ago, a European correspondent called down upon himself the ire of his chief because he persisted in chronicling the doing of a Bolshevist chieftain, Trotzky, ousted from power, from his party, officially dead. "Why this insistence? Trotzky is not news." The correspondent was right. To those who have ever seen Trotzky he is always news, and most of all then when he has withdrawn from the public eye. It is then that one would give much to follow Trotzky, to observe his secret thoughts. For Leo Trotzky is not bound as other men, by any principle, theory or conviction. In the beginning of his power with Lenine, he was the unfathomable destroyer—Lenine a cold philosopher; destructive because it was his purpose to rebuild the world, and to do that he must destroy its present structure. Trotzky's motives for destruction were inscrutible—it seemed to some satanic—a sheer devilish love of evil. Lenine could be understood—even respected though abhorred, for one felt that he believed fanatically that he was right. Not Trotzky—he was lonely as Lucifer, and one felt, might hold a Lucifer's ambition.

Is Trotzky a dead issue? A witty and keen observation comes to mind: "le trône de Russie n'est ni héréditaire, ni électif; il est occupatif."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Those Garrick Gaieties

THERE are few things more surprising—pleasantly and otherwise—than an art theatre on a spree. The business of taking one's self seriously has, apparently, certain limits, and when those limits are reached, something volcanic happens. In the case of the Neighborhood Playhouse, that volcanic thing has taken the name of the Grand Street Follies and won the annual reputation of being about the best summer show in town. But to have the elaborately sedate Theatre Guild (junior section) break forth in similar fashion is a distinct shock. It demands some rapid adjustment. I went to the Garrick Gaieties last week all ready to be adjusted. And here is what I found—

First and foremost—June Cochrane. A stellar imp of the first magnitude—innocent of eye, delicately malicious of smile, crisp and sprightly of toe, capturing not a little of the total charm of her prototype in the Charlot review, Gertrude Lawrence. Miss Cochrane henceforth has my allegiance as a real comedienne—one of that increasingly rare species on our quantity production stage.

Next—well, it's very difficult to set these junior players of the Guild in a special order. Each clamors for first place. So, without prejudice to the others, let's name at once a magnificent young impersonator, Peggy Conway. In one scene Miss Conway takes off Pauline Lord with a subtlety of caricature amounting almost to genius. Whether she can do as well with artists whom she has had less chance to observe is an interesting speculation.

This brings up the one great weakness of the Garrick Gaieties. The show is nearly all satire on the senior activities of the Guild, a sort of lampooning of the local dramatic faculty. If you have seen the most important Guild productions, if you know the Guild directors at least by name and reputation, then you get the full sting of the evening. Otherwise, only a few numbers will explain themselves. Of course the Gaieties were not intended at first for continuous performance. They were put on for one evening in something of the spirit of a college show. This explains its tinge of local Rotary Club atmosphere, but it does not alter facts. To appreciate the Gaieties, you have to know the Guild.

Edith Meiser, another Guild junior, also blossoms out into a capital entertainer. Anyone who has seen her in the minor parts allotted to her this last season would have suspected the qualities she now shows. It is refreshing to see them in full play. And then there is Eleanor Shaler and her dancing, satirical and otherwise, and Rose Rolanda, whose single appearance in the Mexican interlude lifts the show to real artistic eminence.

What of the men? Where, for example, is the Albert Carrol of the Garrick? Sterling Holloway, Philip Loeb and James Norris are probably the best, with House Jamieson running close on their heels. But none of them sparkles as one expects them to in this sort of enterprise. None of them approaches Carrol of the Grand Street organization nor Edgar Stehli of the Provincetown revival of Patience. The feminine talent is paramount at the Garrick—as distinctly as the male talent seems to have the upper hand along Broadway generally.

On the show as a whole, one can not shower blanket praise. In many places, it is distinctly disappointing. This applies not only to the intensely local interest of many of the numbers, but to the quality of the numbers themselves. The cheap and easy road of the double meaning joke has proved too alluring. Several times youthful sophistication is weakly substituted for real wit and sparkle. If this junior group thinks it is being naughty and daring, it is only being childish. Rich, clean satire is much harder to write and to get across the footlights. But it is infinitely more worth doing, and is certainly the one difference one would expect from a professedly clever group like the Guild juniors compared to the Broadway review factories.

The best general numbers by far are the Mexican interlude, reminiscent of Balieff's Russian Picnic, and the skit on the Scopes trial, in which monkeyland protests at the idea of having mere man as a descendant and Philip Loeb has a glorious revenge on Bryan. Of the song and dance specialty numbers, those in which June Cochrane and Eleanor Shaler officiate are the ones you remember. On the whole, it is unfortunate that the critics have been so generous with this review, because it ought to be much better. It is in no way the equal of last year's Grand Street Follies, nor of the Charlot review, on both of which it is visibly patterned. The brilliant work of a few individuals does not make up for the trite and obvious vulgarity which mars so much of it nor for the superlative quality of satire one expects and does not find. It is quite fair to hope for much better basic material next season. It is the job of the Guild—even the junior Guild—to give pointers to Broadway, not to be runners-up on the box-office magnates.

When Choosing Your Plays

Aloma of the South Seas—A grotesque and uninteresting play.

Cæsar and Cleopatra—A splendid production scenically, but unevenly acted.

Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.

Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.

Tell Me More!—A Gershwin score—praise enough.

The Fall Guy—A good human comedy of the slumming type.

The Gorilla—An entertaining piece of melodramatic hokum.

The Poor Nut—An amusing summer evening's entertainment.

The Rat—A Parisian melodrama.

The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.

The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.

They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.

What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.

White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

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POEMS

Roses

Last night, against the wall of the moon,
I heard a crowd of roses speak—
If you will listen at the lips of June,
Oh, you will hear what the roses seek.
For Spring comes late, but Summer soon,
And a red rose lives for a lover's cheek.

'Twas under the roof of the radiant moon
I heard a white rose softly sing
A strange, wild song with a ghostly tune,
Of a girl's white feet gone wandering.
For never a white rose weaves a rune,
But the ear of a dead girl's listening.

Though Spring come late, and Summer soon,
And June make Summer's gift complete,
The life of a rose is sadly fleet,
And fleet are the dancing feet of June.
If you will listen when the wind is sweet,
You'll hear the roses speak to the moon.

J. Corson Miller.

To the World

What is it to you, O World,
That your arms are full of flow'rs?
What is it to you that they
Fade with the fading hours?

What do you care if a bird
That sang in the dusk, is still?
Or are you aware, O World,
That June is on the hill?

Ah, but to us—but to us—
Fragrance of flow'rs in the grass,
Songs of a bird at dusk,
And June days—to us, who pass—

All these are dear, O World,
And passionately true!
Pity the hearts that love,
And crumble into you.

Mary Dixon Thayer.

Moon-Lost

Could darkness shower
Relentless on the radiant?
Unfire the bright, make desolate
Hair spun from honeycomb?

O sadly pale and radiant!
This night of flower
Shall slowly dawn inviolate,
White over lonely loam.

James Daly.

Folly

Take only a rose from the bowl—
The dream of a scented night,
Take only one blossom—and go,
Thou hast loved—and, oh, well I know
The sadness of thy good-night.

The plight of thy heart—is it mine?
Tears—and the mutterings too?
Thou lovedst—the rose is thy kiss
Pressed in a passion of bliss.
—My bowl holds a thousand like you.

Thy rose—did it bloom with the rest?
Well, caress it under the light.
It is broken and bruised, do you say?
—Dawn heals the soft petals' decay,
Just take it—thy rose—and good-night!

William Berry.

As a White Sea-Gull

All that I was told to do
  Would not make me feel
As a white sea-gull
  That leaves a white keel.

Broke a custom and a creed,
  Broke a strong vow;
Still the old chains held me—
  But now, but now!

The freed circle of the world
  Parts to welcome me!
Thank God for heartbreak,
  That has made me free!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

Which?

Great bronze peacocks
Puffed with pride
Displaying their burnished beauty
To an admiring crowd
Who love purple and arrogance—

Little white doves of truth
Unnoticed on the
Cold marble.

J. R. Moreland.

Lighted Windows

It is only on dark nights
That I can readily distinguish
Where some of the people live.
Wistful lights from their windows
Look out, like blurred stars
Through a curtain of mist.

Eugene C. Dolson.

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BOOKS

S. Aurelii Augustini, De Civitate Dei Contra Paganos, Libri XXII. Edited by J. E. C. Welldon. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 42/.

THE world of scholars, and especially the English-speaking world, must feel a debt of gratitude to Bishop Welldon for placing at its disposal in these two handsome volumes, a full text of this great book. It was long a desideratum, and we can only regret that the editor should not have felt it possible to give also that English translation which is so much needed—since Dod's is not easily accessible, and the translation in the Temple Classics is wholly useless for purposes of serious study. Nor must one fail in gratitude to the publishers for the excellence of their work.

Consideration of the original portions of the work will flow naturally from that of the manner in which the book itself came to be written. August 24, 410 A. D., was one of the most portentous days in the history of the world—for on that day, Alaric and his followers marched into a conquered Rome. How great a shock this was to the world may be gathered from the words of Saint Jerome far away in his Bethlehem retreat—"My voice left me," he cries out, "and sobs choked my speech. The city which had conquered the whole world, is herself captive. . . . I was desirous of setting to work today on the study of Ezechiel, but at the very moment when I began to dictate, I felt such anguish in thinking of the catastrophe in the West, that the words ceased to come to me."

It is not to be wondered at that the pagans should have raised the cry that it was the outraged gods of old Rome who had thus punished the renegade city. It was just under one hundred years since the Edict of Milan had plucked Christianity from the catacombs—for that edict was issued by Constantine in March, 313. During that time there had been recrudescences of paganism—especially under Julian the Apostate—and Rome was by no manner of means an entirely Christian city. Consider the matter of the Altar of Victory with its famous statue, which had stood in the Chamber of the Curia at Rome since the time of Augustus. Acting on the advice of Saint Ambrose, Gratian in 382 ordered the removal of this altar. The pagan senators sent a deputation to the emperor, asking him to restore an object so dear to them. The Christian senators of course opposed any restoration. Gratian was slain in the next year, and succeeded by Valentinian II—a boy twelve years of age, on whose shoulders was laid the burden of settling the question. This mere schoolboy, again acting on the advice of Ambrose and against that of his council, decreed the continued exclusion of the altar and statue—of course to the great anger of the pagan remnant, powerful enough even if in the minority. After the fall of the city, these became vocal, proclaiming, and in much danger of being favorably heard, that the calamity was the just punishment of the crimes against the ancient gods. Augustine in 413 commenced the book we are concerned with, as a reply to this accusation—but did not complete it until 426, so that it was just thirteen years in process of issue, for it appeared part by part.

Augustine's original intention was to disprove the accusation, and this he sets out to do, first by showing how many and great had been the disasters which had affected the city long before the Incarnation of Our Lord. And then, in the second place, by demonstrating that the pagan deities could neither give nor preserve prosperity, and that such an inability was inherent in the pagan system with its swarms of godlets and genii and the like, since the very subdivision of influence entailed in polytheism made the whole system futile. Thus the first ten books are devoted to a destructive criticism of paganism. For the ethnologist, historian, and above all, for the historian of religions, these books are a most valuable mine. It is needless to say that they are not impregnable to critical onslaughts, but on the whole it may be said that there is hardly such another quarry of facts up to the period of the writing of the book, open to students of that time. And for the notes which the Bishop has added in connection with this aspect of the work, we have again to thank him. Some may perhaps desire that they had been fuller and more numerous, but after all this book, being a Latin text, is intended for scholars, and we may wait for the more copious notes for an English edition to be read by general readers. But Saint Augustine went a long way beyond his first intention and composed a manual of general apologetics—and here a remark must be interpolated. The book was written for pagans to read—that is always to be kept in mind. And that entailed a different treatment from what the Saint might have attempted had he intended to write for the edification of his own co-religionists alone. The present reviewer, knowing full well his own ignorance of that science, is not for a moment prepared to diverge into the field of theology. On those lines the appendices have already received full criticism from experts. But in any case the raison d'être of the book ought always to be kept in mind when it is attempted to make an estimate of its doctrinal contents and importance. With most of the appendices, such as those dealing with Sacrifice and the Incarnation, this review will not concern itself. But a few remarks may be permitted on some of the others. That the early Church took a very severe view of stage-plays and stage players, everybody knows, and doubtless the reason was that not only were they in some instances indelicate, but that almost always the gods and goddesses of paganism were involved in them, and it was regarded as important that Christians should be shielded from their influence in literature. Everybody must deplore the treatment of actors and actresses by the Gallican church in the eighteenth century, but why it should have been brought into discussion in connection with this particular work does not seem quite clear—save that it affords an opportunity for the Church of England to proclaim its own open-mindedness in burying all and sundry (from a religious point of view) in Westminster Abbey, provided that each individual has made sufficient noise (of course respectable noise) in the world while alive. But the transmutation of the Abbey from a place of Christian burial, as it once was, into a mausoleum for the interment of the great and respectable, whether Christian or pagan, is perhaps as little edifying as the attitude of the Gallican church to the unfortunate Adrienne Lecouvreur.

The Bishop's modernistic tendencies peep out here and there, especially where—in two places—he takes occasion to assure us that God could not really have meant it when he declared that punishment, as well as reward hereafter, was eternal. It cannot be believed by the "modern mind," and therefore it cannot be true, since today at any rate, and in the circles indicated, man is the measure of his Maker. And of course the same is true of the appendix on miracles, where we are told that "it is probable that modern religious thought will treat the miracles which Augustine attests, or relates, as it treats the miracles at Lourdes. It will believe that the dead, who, according to Augustine, came to life again, had never died. It will believe that the cure of cancer or tumors was either imaginary, or scientifically explicable." In other words it will skilfully enact the part in these latter days, which was once created by the late and

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doubtless lamented Mr. Podsnap, who was in the habit, when unable to demolish someone else's opinion by informing him that what he put forward was "not English," concluded, after declaring that he did not believe it, by declining to pursue a painful subject. There is one thing which "modern religious thought"—and how the modern religious thinkers love to plume themselves on being the only genuine thinkers in existence—apparently never thinks about, and that is a careful examination of the evidence for the miracles at Lourdes and elsewhere. In a lucid moment, "modern religious thought" might turn its attention in that direction. If the enquiry is seriously and carefully pursued, "modern religious thought" will really find something to think about.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Crowds of Lourdes, by J. K. Huysmans. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne. $3.00.

IT was only a few years after Joris Karl Huysmans had made his peace with the faith of his fathers, that Emile Zola, under the guise of a novel, wrote and published his famous attack on Lourdes. Huysmans, resenting the anti-religious bias of his former confrère in the naturalistic movement, packed his suitcase—he was then living in Paris following a sojourn with the Benedictines at Ligugé—went to the little town and penned this eloquent and touching defense.

"If ever anyone was never stirred with a desire to go to Lourdes that man was myself," he declares in the first chapter. He dreads the thought of the processions and the "crowds bawling hymns" and agrees with Saint John of the Cross that if one is to make a pilgrimage it is best to do so alone. But this mood is only transitory, is soon put aside; and in its place there radiates from these pages a democratic spirit and an almost holiday gayety. Huneker's remark that Huysmans lacked pity and tenderness is not applicable to The Crowds of Lourdes. The aloof author of En Route, The Cathedral and The Oblate quite forgets himself for once. The recluse mingles with the throngs and responds to human afflictions; the fastidious literateur is transformed for the nonce into a sympathetic and vivid journalist.

A great deal of the book is devoted to an account of miracle working, the author going into details with that zest for minutia, which marks everything that he has written. He visits the baths, the clinics, interviews the doctors and records data of patients who have been healed. He is the witness of two cures, only one of which, however, appears to be permanent. The bed-ridden nun is restored to the use of her limbs, and so, too, is a paralytic youngster, who enjoys a brief heyday of freedom, then collapses suddenly and is returned home in the same wretched condition in which he had undertaken the pilgrimage. This whole matter of the intervention of the Virgin in mortal ills is treated with an engaging freshness. There is no attempt to glorify or garnish facts. Non-believing readers of the book will be amazed at its extreme candor, while the pious may be shocked by the sprightly manner in which sacred subjects are mentioned, investigated or disposed of. Huysmans admits that many of the cures may have been effected by religious excitement, mob hysteria; "but when," he reasons, "has therapeutic suggestion been known to cure, as at Lourdes, diseases of the lungs and liver, cancer and lupus?" And finally, how can science explain away the curing of small infants, too young to know what the whole business is about?

But he has not made this visit for the purpose of beholding and describing the miraculous. "I know quite well that the Virgin can perform miracles at Lourdes or anywhere else," he writes. "My faith does not depend upon my own reason nor upon any degree of the certainty of my own sense perceptions. It depends upon an inner sense of assurance derived from inward experience." His real interest therefore is centered in the spectacle of Catholic faith in operation and at a pitch of fever. Hence we have colorful pages depicting the arrival of pilgrims, the processions, the town and the various religious communities. It is only when contemplating the churches and statuary that this champion of mediævalism and austerity in ecclesiastical tradition asserts himself with a characteristic violence—a violence, by the way, that is too self distressed to be of much force in the cause for which it is contending. Huysmans regarded the "bad art of Lourdes" as an intervention of the Evil One, as the Devil's subtle revenge—upon Her who had crushed him beneath Her heel. The Church of the Rosary illuminated at night he likens to a "great gingerbread cake sprinkled with red seeds," the statue of the Immaculate Conception he dismisses as "that vapid and slack personification of insipidity" and the Stations of the Cross erected on the hill fill his soul with such horror that he has difficulty finding words with which to express his contempt and grief.

The Crowds of Lourdes was Huysmans's last work. Written only a few years before his death in 1907 it marks the completion of those literary monuments which he dedicated to the Catholic religion and through which he wished to make partial expiation for the sins of earlier days. The volume is slight, contains only 260 pages as compared with the 304 finely printed sheets of The Oblate and is a document and diary rather than an impersonal work of art. It is rapid, brilliant, executed with gusto. But chiefly it is interesting as revealing a more humane author than readers of Huysmans's other books have been accustomed to. Here is a sense of fellowship with suffering humanity and what is more wholesome still, a saving sense of humor. Addressed to Our Lady, it assumes toward Her an attitude that is reverent but blithe. It is composed from the vantage ground of a serene faith, a faith that was able to command and retain for its service a remarkable critical insight.

LANDON M. ROBINSON.

Germany, by George P. Gooch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

AMONG the many things upset by the world war, were the histories and atlases that had been in use. The atlases could be brought up to date by appropriate corrections. Nothing short of entire reconstruction could bring historical manuals abreast of the times, so extensive has been the political reconstruction resulting from the war. To cope with this situation, a series of works has been projected whose aim is to give a detailed survey of the forces that are molding the lives of contemporary states. The present volume, by the distinguished English historian, Professor Gooch, belongs to this series. If all the works come up to the standard set in this, they will be invaluable as means for intelligent appreciation of the state of the modern world. It is as calm and judicial in its tone as if the author belonged to another planet—remote from the heat and disturbance of this world of ours. There is not a trace of the fury and bitterness that were displayed during the war.

The book tells the story of the fall of the German empire and the formation of the present republic—and tells it clearly and dispassionately. Professor Gooch acquits the imperial government of desiring the war. He remarks—"Both before and after the murder of the Archduke, the intentions of the Wilhelmstrasse were as pacific as its policy was maladroit." His

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analysis of the situation leads him to the conclusion that "so far from Austria being the pawn of her ally, the German Chancellor was dragged at the chariot wheels of his Austrian colleague, who was determined to remove the Serbian menace, and declined to be deflected from his path by threats from Petrograd, warnings from London, or appeals from Berlin. In fine, Professor Gooch now believes that Germany was dragged unwillingly and reluctantly into the war. The obtuseness and incompetency of German statesmanship in the crisis, are further evidenced by the fact that the consequences of the invasion of Belgium were so little apprehended that the British declaration of war caused even more surprise than anger. It is plain enough now that Germany's defeat was due primarily to her disregard of those moral forces which Bismarck used to designate as the "imponderabilia."

The collapse of the empire, the struggle against the Spartakists, and the adoption of the Weimar constitution are clearly described. Nowhere else is there to be found so intelligible an account of the course of events. The treaty of Versailles and its effects on the political situation, the invasion of the Ruhr and its disastrous results, and the measures by which some stability has been imparted to the financial situation, are luminously explained. While the situation still has dangerous possibilites, Professor Gooch thinks that "from an economic point of view the year 1924 closed with a broadening belt of light in the sky."

The work is not confined to politics. It contains observations of great interest and value on the state of literature, art, science, philosophy and religion. It is really a remarkable event that so fair and sympathetic a work as this should be produced in so short a time after the close of the war—and its influence cannot but be salutary.

HENRY JONES FORD.

In His Own Image, by Frederick Baron Corvo. New York: A. A. Knopf. $2.75.

IN A very interesting introduction to this collection Mr. Shane Leslie traces the general and eccentric outlines of the biography of that strange personage, Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, who invented for himself the title and immaterial estates of Corvicastra in Aria, and won remark and notoriety in the age of the golden 'nineties with books of fantastic tales, such as Stories Toto Told Me, Chronicles of the House of Borgia, Hadrian the Seventh, Don Tarquinio and The Weird of the Wanderer.

Rolfe, the man behind this carnival mask, was born in London on July 22, 1860, and spent some years at the Scottish College in Rome, from which he was suddenly expelled. He thereupon assumed his title of Baron Corvo, whence and how are empty questions, and through his polished manners, his affectations at liturgy, photography, and the piano managed to eke out a sort of existence. A strange episode is related by Mr. Leslie of his appeal to the Bishop of Aberdeen to finance a scheme for deep sea photography, apparently with moneys left for the relief of the Catholic poor; he received the humorous answer that "no such sums have been left lately, so that you must have been misinformed. May Our Lord help you out of all your difficulties, for I have no faith in submarine photography."

It was in the pages of the Yellow Book that Rolfe first came into notoriety, with stories afterward printed in the Bodley Booklets, number six. On the first appearance of the twenty-six tales, under the title of In His Own Image, "Catholic readers were publicly outraged or delighted surreptitiously." The Tablet thought him "unfortunately very amusing." These tales are unique, and though very uneven, they are very original. They represent a natural comminglement of the pagan and Christian tradition in the form of modern Italian folk-lore, expressed through the medium of a rather fantastic youth.

The story of Rolfe's connection with Monsignor Hugh Benson and the undying hatred with which he followed the author of The Lord of the World after his friends interrupted their plans to produce a book on Saint Thomas of Canterbury in collaboration gives an interesting sidelight on literary life that also illuminates the Italian phases of Henry Harland's The Cardinal's Snuff Box, and My Friend Prospero, which Rolfe claimed in a way as his own literary offspring.

"As he grew older and lonelier, Rolfe grew fonder of walking only at night, and disguised with wig and painted face to avoid meeting his creditors or the sunlight. Finally he withdrew to Venice. Rumor said that he had become an amateur gondolier. Certainly his private craft, silken-sailed, and fantastically painted, appeared in the canals. Alone and suddenly he died, on October 23, 1923. After ten years his remains were transferred from the common fosse to a perpetual niche, in the presence of a representative of the City of Venice and of one of the Capuchin friars, whom he had so greatly ridiculed." In Baron Corvo we are confronted with another literary brother of Edgar Allen Poe, Lord Byron, Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde and D'Annunzio.

THOMAS WALSH.

An Anthology of Medieval Latin, by Stephen Gaselee. London: The Macmillan Company. 7/6.

MR. GASELEE makes the strange announcement that his Anthology of Medieval Latin "has not been compiled to show the iniquity of the Pope or popery or to exalt feminism or to combat Protestantism or any other theory or institution," and reveals what must be a very low estimation of his reading public for whom he presents a work of culture. "Latin," he continues, "is still a living language on paper though not orally, and the educated man will come across it occasionally in actual use." This is a rather sad admission from the Librarian at the Foreign Office and a Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, England. It smacks of insularity quite extraordinary to anybody who has visited the centres of learning in Belgium, France, Spain or Italy. He concludes by saying—"If any reader cares to study the subject more deeply, I will begin by discouraging him and saying that there is no English book which he will find of much use."

He thereupon cites the Histoire de la Litterature Latine Chrétienne (Paris, 1920) of Pierre de Labrolle; the Geschichte der Lateinischen Literatur des Mittelalters (Munich, 1911-1923) of Max Maintius and the Introduction to Vulgar Latin (Boston, 1907) of Professor Grandgent.

From the Latin inscriptions found in Pompeii we are escorted down the ages by extracts from mediaeval monks and scribes, poems of macaronic character, student songs and facetious sermons. The climax is reached in the speech of Lord Dufferin at Reykjavik, Iceland, when in responding to a magnificent twenty-minutes' oration given him by the bishop, he replied in a style to delight any student in Second Year Latin:

"Viri illustres, insolitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum, ego propero respondere ad complimentum quod recte reverendus prelaticus mihi fecit, in proponendo meam salutem: et supplico vos credere quod multum gratificatus et flattifecatus sum con honore tam distincto," etc.

T. C.

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BRIEFER MENTION

The Greeks in Spain, by Rhys Carpenter. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $2.00.

IT seems that from the beginning of time the legendary lands always lay under the setting sun. The Phoenicians followed these legends into Spain, the lands of Herakles and Geryon. Professor Carpenter follows the Phoenician voyagers and traders to their colony at Gadir or Cadiz founded before 700 B. C., their settlements on the Malaga coast and at Tartessos at the mouth of the Guadalquivir about 620 B. C. We are in a remote unchronicled age before the founding of Marseilles and the collapse of the civilization around Tartessos under the attacks from Carthage about 500 B. C. The story of these days remains simply in the stray passages of Strabo and Avienus; in the recent excavations of broken statuary and potteries with their mixture of Phoenician, Greek and Iberian decorations that give rise to many controversies among the archaeologists and artists as to their origins and inspirations. These remains are scattered along the eastern coast in the half buried cities, in the dusty cases of the museums at Barcelona, Marseilles, Cadiz and Carthage. The heroic task of reconstituting these ancient civilizations, of building up an anatomy from a fragment of jaw-bone or the handle of a drinking cup is the brave work of explorers like Professor Carpenter, Père Delattre, Georgiana Goddard King, Count Byron de Prorok and the Abbé Chabot.

O'Malley of Shanganagh, by Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company. $1.25.

THEY are a strange lot of people, these characters in Donn Byrne's O'Malley of Shanganagh—almost as exotic and implausible as the assortment of hybrids that gather around the tea-tables of British post-war novelists and show their shell-shock in the conversational hitches and in the general conduct of the story by their young authors. The name of Moore figures among Mr. Byrne's characters, but, strangely enough, it is not the odorous George of Dublin, London and Paris, and there are dangerous references to O'Malleys and other personages which can only intensify the protuberance of Charles Lever amid this eighteenth-century bric-a-brac and tattered patchwork of old Dublin. Mr. Byrne hardly secures himself from classification with Gerald Donovan and writers of his school in adopting the thin disguise of Anglicanism which he throws over his Irish convent. O'Malley of Shanganagh confesses a fixed public opinion in regard to a situation irregular and painful to all but the novelists and agitators whom Mr. Byrne is rather unwisely following.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I am getting very weary," said Doctor Angelicus, obviously feeling the heat, "of this motto of the Library—'Shut not thy heart, nor thy library.' Why shouldn't I shut both my heart and my library if I want to? It seems to me that I am entitled to hang a sign, 'Closed for Repairs,' on both—if I am so disposed."

"But this is the admonition of a great essayist, who was really a poet—Charles Lamb," replied the Editor. "Surely it should be respected as such."

"Not at all," said the Doctor testily. "Of all people to give practical advice about how to live, poets are absolutely the most futile. There have been very few of them who have not made a scrambled mess of their own lives. Why, of all people, should they advise and exhort others? They have been altogether too pampered. People have listened to their advice and repeated it down the years, almost as though it were Scripture. They should have been disciplined. The people to whom they addressed these admonitions should have challenged the wisdom on which they were based. For instance, my ideal of a real, individualistic heroine, when addressed by Tennyson in the words—'Come into the garden, Maud,' would have replied—'It's much too damp. Let's stay on the verandah. I don't want to spoil my new slippers.'

"I have always had the greatest sympathy," Dr. Angelicus went on, "with the poor child who was admonished to—'Be good, sweet child—and let who will, be clever.' In the first place, the lines are insulting. They assume that the 'sweet child' was a Dumb-Dora—that failing in all possibility of being clever, there was only one thing left for her to do—to be good. She should have replied—'It takes longer to be good, than it does to be clever—and I doubt if I have the time.'

"I wish Longfellow had addressed his—'Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream,' to one of the modern psychologists, if only for the satisfaction of hearing the latter reply—'I will too, tell you. Life to most of us, *is* a dream. Nothing is real. We are walking about in our sleep.' I should have liked to have heard Shakespeare, for instance, saying loftily to a modern woman social worker, whose high principles of honesty will not even permit her to fib about her age—'Assume a virtue, though you have it not.'

"Her logical reply would have been—'But that would be dishonest!'

"And where, pray, would this poor old world have gotten, if it had conscientiously followed the admonition—'Neither a borrower, nor a lender be?' What would modern civilization be without the credit system?"

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"Abyssinia seems to be the only country," interrupted the Editor, "where they really try to follow the great poet's advice on that point. There, I understand, the borrower and the lender are chained together in public, and are only released when some relative of either has the charity to come forward and pay the debt."

"I think I shall not visit Abyssinia on my world-tour, after all," mused Hereticus.

* * *

"And then the audacity of some of the great poets," continued Angelicus, "is something to wonder at. Think of Keats, for instance, beginning a poem—'In midmost Ind, beside Hydaspes cool!'—Now just because it was Keats—no one said anything. But let any new beginner at poetry today attempt to use Ind, for India, for the sake of preserving his metre, and hear how the critics would roar."

* * *

"Nevertheless," said the Editor, "I feel that the poets, being idealists, have in the main, only the noblest concepts of life, and that we should ponder on their ideas and attempt to apply them wherever possible."

"If we did, we should be in a sorry plight," growled Angelicus. "Take the present burning question of evolution. Lacking decision in the matter, let us turn to a poet for guidance. What do we find? Here is Tennyson, saying in one breath, in one poem—

'The old earth
Had a birth
As all men know
Long ago,'—

and in the next, in another poem—

'The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.
. . .
Nothing was born
Nothing will die.'

"Who wants to buy my complete set of the world's best poets?"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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